Songs of the Church

With stories of their writers

Lady M. Dougall

The University of Chicago
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SONGS OF THE CHURCH WITH STORIES OF THEIR WRITERS

"I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

SONGS OF THE CHURCH WITH STORIES OF THEIR WRITERS

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By

LADY M'DOUGALL, Ellen M.

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TO
OUR CHILDREN
AND GRANDCHILDREN

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INTRODUCTION

HYMN-singing forms no small part of our English Sunday, alike in the home circle, the Church, and the Sunday school. The literature of hymnology is particularly rich. Every age since the Christian era has produced some fine outburst of song. The Latin Fathers, the devout King Robert of France in the midst of the darkest days of the dark ages, monks such as the Bernards of Clairvaux and Cluny, the German singers in the midst of the horrors of civil war, George Herbert fresh from the court of Charles I., the Wesleys and their contemporaries, and the many writers of the nineteenth century, all

contribute the best thoughts of their lives in the best words.

It may be asked, Are their hymns suitable for children? Among the Latin Fathers, St. Ambrose gives us the lovely morning hymn, "Once more the sun is beaming bright," as fresh now as when, fifteen hundred years ago, the persecuted Christians sang it whilst defending their church in Milan. What delightful thoughts it brings of the sainted Ambrose, the praying mother Monica, and her repentant son Augustine! Yet this hymn, in spite of its brightness and classic association, is seldom chosen.

Let us not miss our opportunity. On Sundays we have the chance of introducing our young people to some of the masterpieces of literature, and of familiarising them with such songs as Luther's "A safe stronghold our God is still," and the lovely Christmas song for his little son, "From heaven above to earth I come."

The object of this book is to deepen

our interest in the hymns we sing, to learn something of the writers, and to awaken our sympathy with those who

> climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
> Through peril, toil, and pain.

In order to interest the young people we may deal with a hymn thus:

Who wrote it, and what else did the person do?

When was it written, and what was going on then?

Where was it written, and under what circumstances?

Now, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers are almost invariably busy people; they have scant leisure for research and preparation. To assist them, I have endeavoured to write the history of a number of hymns, with an account of the writers, that the children may be told in what country and in what circumstances these same words went up from battlefields, mingled with the

blare of trumpets and the tuck of drums, or echoed along the cloistered walls of abbeys and monasteries.

Let us tell the children stories of the brave men and women who, in the midst of war and persecution, of suffering and isolation, wrote the hymns that have helped others to face the hardships of life and the venture of death.

These old hymns are links connecting us with the historic past; they give us a grand sense of belonging to the Church militant here on earth, of being a contingent of the army of the living God. This blessed sense of magnitude, with its vision down the ages and up towards the great future, dwarfs all mere personal importance, for "no man ever thought too highly of his nature or too meanly of himself."

And the hymns will have more than an educational or literary value. The association of fine martial music with robust Christian thought, the hallowing of lovely and pathetic

melody with heart-searching and tender words, these combined, many a time, prove an irresistible force years after they are sung. The time comes when these words, sung so long ago, rise from the vaults of memory as succour to a besieged camp, and help the soul in sore straits, and prepare the way of the Lord.

The hymns of the "old-time religion" were fruitful in results. Once learned, they were never forgotten, and their echoes are with us yet.

"No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better."

ELLEN M. M'DOUGALL.

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SONGS OF THE CHURCH

WITH

STORIES OF THEIR WRITERS

CHAPTER I

HYMNS OF JEWISH ORIGIN

A THOUSAND years before Christ was born David the shepherd boy was caring for his father's sheep and singing the songs that have suggested the finest hymns of succeeding ages. Shepherd, champion of Israel, court minstrel, beloved monarch of his people, David had the soul of a poet. His songs, accompanied by notes on the psaltery, or guitar, we call psalms. They have an immense range of subject, for David was emphatically a man, and "nothing of human interest was alien to him." He sang of sheep and pastures, trees

and rivers, birds and beasts, war and slaughter of enemies, of love of country and the joys of family life, of his own longing for and delight in God, and of perfect joy and satisfaction in God's service. Never before had man so revelled in the presence of God. Fear, awe, obedience, loyalty—all these we think of as we remember the patriarchs and prophets; but fulness of joy, because God is, and because His lovingkindness is better than life—this was a new thing on the earth.

Joy is infectious. Who does not smile when a gracious, smiling face greets us? No wonder that David the joyful singer was the favourite of his race. No wonder that his name connected with any object throws round it a halo. The city of David, the throne of David, the key of David—these words were as a talisman to his race. And after David's time, whenever fine songs were written by priest or prophet, if judged worthy they were added to the psalms of David. These songs were the joy and consolation of Israel in all circumstances, even when as captives they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and hung their harps on

the willows, and refused to sing the Lord's songs in a strange land. The songs of Zion have been sung by scattered communities of Jews in almost every country under heaven.

During the Middle Ages to be a Jew meant to suffer insult and injury, to wear a badge, to be outside the protection of the law, to live only in the Jewish quarter, or Ghetto, or Jewry, to be locked up from sunset to sunrise, to be the victim of every superstitious panic which might arise among the people with whom his lot was cast;—this was the fate of the Jew throughout Europe.

Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* and Sir Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe* show us how Jews were regarded during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Christian countries. Such to-day is the fate of the Jews in Russia. They crowd into London, or cross to America, to escape from the tyranny of the oppressor.

The psalms of David were sung in Hebrew in the synagogues of the Jewries when the enemy was hurling himself against the gates; when a massacre of Jews was in process, when the torturers believed they were doing God's

service, when the cries of the tormented ascended to the sky—these psalms mingled with them. Week by week they still are chanted in the synagogues of Europe and America. In New York, in Berlin, the Jews still praise God in the language of the shepherd of Bethlehem. And beyond the gates of the Ghetto, in the great Basilica, outside the Jewry in the Church, these same psalms are being sung in Latin by Christian congregations. Did the persecutors ever realise that the Christ was a Jew, and that the Virgin Mary was a Jewess?

The Jews do not use popular modern hymns in their ordinary synagogue worship. The thirteen articles of the Jewish creed as written out by Moses Maimonides in the Middle Ages are part of the morning service, and a poetic form of them is sung on the eves of Sabbath and festivals in all the synagogues of the British Empire. This creed was freely rendered into English in the hymn "The God of Abraham praise," by Thomas Olivers, one of the early Methodist preachers, who also got the tune from Leoni, the great chorister

of the synagogue in Aldgate. So in singing this hymn we have the belief and sentiment of the Jews united with their familiar melody. Another hymn which is essentially Jewish in sentiment, "O come, O come, Immanuel," was written in Latin in the twelfth century; it shows the longing of the race for the Messiah, and is a poetical rendering of the twelfth article of the Jewish creed: "I believe with perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah; and though He tarry, I will wait daily for His coming."

The first Christian congregation was composed entirely of Jews; the men and women in the upper room at Jerusalem spoke in Aramaic. Years later, when the Church consisted largely of Greeks and Romans, the Psalter, in common with other parts of Scripture, was translated into Greek and Latin, and gradually the Latin Psalter came to be the only one in use in the Churches of Western Europe.

In the early days of the Reformation not only were the Scriptures translated into the vernacular of each country, but metrical versions of the Psalms were written, that the

whole nation might join in the praise of God. Scotland was the first country to adopt for public worship a metrical version of the Psalms, and now for nearly four hundred years, Sabbath by Sabbath, the old Jewish psalms in their quaint Scotch form are the channel for the deepest emotions of the soul. Modern hymns make small headway in Scotland; the rough, uncouth rhymes, grown venerable through long history and sacred associations, suffice for the religious expression of a reserved and unemotional people.

In France, early in the sixteenth century, Clement Marot, the first musician at the court of Francis I., translated fifty psalms into French rhyming verse, and dedicated them to the King and to the ladies of France. The first edition of ten thousand copies was speedily exhausted. Princes of the blood, the King's favourites, lords and ladies of the court, began to sing psalms to the ballad tunes of the times. Each one had a favourite out of the fifty which Marot composed. The Dauphin, as became a sportsman, chose "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks"; and Diana of

Poictiers, the famous beauty, selected "Out of the depths have I cried."

In England, also, it was from the court that the first metrical version came. Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Privy Chamber, turned some of the psalms into English metre. One day, while he was singing them to his organ in his apartment at Whitehall, and absorbed in his music, a delicate boy approached and listened with interest and delight. Such strains he had never heard before:

> O God, my strength and fortitude,
> Of force I must love Thee;
> Thou art my castle and defence
> In my necessitie.

The listening boy was Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI., and he was the first to authorise a part of the metrical version for English use. His sister, Queen Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, commanded that a complete version should be prepared to be sung in the church. Sternhold and Hopkins contributed one hundred psalms to this collection. Queen Elizabeth was much interested in this version, for ten years before she became

queen she herself had attempted two little anthems and the thirteenth psalm in metre. Sir Philip Sidney, soldier, hero, and poet, wrote a number; but they were not simple enough to be popular.

In the reign of Charles II. another complete version was produced by Nahum Tate, the poet-laureate, and Nicholas Brady, Vicar of Richmond. Until the middle of the nineteenth century few hymns were sung by the Church of England; but the metrical versions of Sternhold and Hopkins and of Tate and Brady were as familiar as the liturgy in the parish churches of our land. The twenty-third psalm has fired the imagination of the poets of all ages; the heroic note of the fourth verse thrills the dying with courage. Of the Scotch version of this psalm Dr. John Ker says, "Every line of it, every word of it, has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number the Rod and Staff of which it speaks, to guide and

guard in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest."

This psalm is the first taught to little children in Scotland, and the last murmured by dying lips. Scotch martyrs repeated it on the way to the gallows, and Christian writers of all times have caught inspiration from these Jewish green pastures and still waters.

A few of the finest of the paraphrases of the psalms are given here; but it must never be forgotten that the root of all these beautiful after-growths is Jewish.

TUNE—*Leoni.*

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee!"

A free rendering of Jewish creed by THOMAS OLIVERS, *18th century.*

TUNE—*Plain Song.*

O come, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Written in Latin, during 12th century.

TUNES—*Dunfermline; Peterborough.*

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

When I, beset with pain and grief,
Prayed to my God for grace,
Forthwith my God heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

He brought me forth in open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because He had
A favour unto me.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is truly tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in His ways abide.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, *Groom of the Privy Chamber; published* 1549, *in reign of Edward VI.*

Other paraphrases:

To the hills I lift mine eyes.—CHARLES WESLEY.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.—FRANCIS ROUS, 1643, *Provost of Eton and Member of Parliament.*

Pleasant are Thy courts above.—H. F. LYTE, 1840.

As pants the hart for cooling streams.—TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand.—DR. DODDRIDGE.

All people that on earth do dwell.—KETHE, 1564, *in Psalter of Queen Elizabeth.*

None is like Jeshurun's God.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Through all the changing scenes of life.—TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

CHAPTER II

HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH

THE hymns here selected were written between fifteen hundred and twelve hundred years ago, in Greek, by men dwelling in Constantinople, then called Byzantium, in Crete, and on the shores of the Dead Sea. They have been, and still are, sung in the Greek islands of the Levant, along the banks of the Danube, and in the vast Russian Empire from the Vistula to Siberia. But Constantinople, the metropolis of the Eastern Church, was captured by the Ottoman Turks in 1453. Since then the Sultan of Turkey has crushed the Christian population of that part of Europe. No wonder one of the clauses in the Litany for centuries was, "From the fury of the Turks, good Lord, deliver us."

What had Christianity done for those people before the arrival of the Turks? Hospitals and orphanages had been founded, almshouses for the aged and destitute were provided, also hospices at which strangers and travellers would pass a night. Slavery, which was an enormous factor in every civilised country, was discouraged; slaves found protection in the churches from their masters, and a humaner spirit was pervading society.

We must never forget that hospitals, asylums, and other benevolent institutions would never have existed but for Christ. The most highly civilised nations of the old and modern world have done little for suffering men and women until touched by Christ.

ANATOLIUS

Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, lived in very troublous times. Both outside and within the Church there were quarrels, fighting, and war. The bishop who preceded Anatolius at Constantinople died a violent and cruel death. His chief enemies were two

other bishops, who stirred up the rough soldiers with slanderous tales; they entered the great church whilst the Easter service was proceeding, fell upon the bishop as he stood, clubbed and scourged him, and dragged his body out of the church and through the streets, where it was torn limb from limb.

This was the barbarous and turbulent multitude whom Anatolius was chosen to govern. He was a man of great wisdom and courage, and immediately gained the confidence of the other bishops at the great Council of the Church held at Chalcedon, now called Scutari, where so many of our British soldiers were buried during the Crimean War.

While the Church was weakened by strife within, a terrible danger was approaching from the far East. Right up in the highland of Central Asia, near the Great Wall of China, there was a fierce and hideous people called Huns, who during the fourth and fifth centuries marched westward to Europe, bringing dismay and terror wherever they came. They conquered Persia and the adjacent countries; Russia, down to the Black Sea;

the north as far as Denmark and Sweden; and then, under their great leader, Attila, came south to the Danube, where they founded a great city, Buda, to be their headquarters. By the titles which Attila assumed he sought to terrify the whole world. He called himself "Attila, Descendant of the Great Nimrod, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes, the Dread of the World." His sword was believed by his own soldiers to be magic. "It was said that a herdsman, who was following the track of a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the sword standing, fixed in the ground, as if it had been darted down from heaven." The herdsman gave it to Attila, who grasped it, and henceforth in battles this ancient sword was known as the "Spirit of Death."

The fear of the Huns fell upon all men; their appearance filled their enemies with horror. They were short, broad-shouldered, with small back eyes very deep set in the sockets, with flat noses and yellow, tawny complexions. Their enemies believed that they were not ordinary men, but that their

fathers were hobgoblins and their mothers witches. Who could fight against such children of the evil one?

Attila, their king, took advantage of the superstition of the countries he came to conquer. He was a great and crafty military genius, and with his great iron sword knew how to work on the terrors of the people.

In one place an old Christian hermit left his cave, and went to meet Attila, and said to him, "Thou art the scourge of God for the chastisement of Christians." Attila was delighted at this address, and at once took the title "The Scourge of God," by which he was known throughout the world.

He met the armies of the Roman Emperor in Germany and Hungary, and defeated them so that they had to pay tribute to him.

And now, in the time of Anatolius, Attila was marching southwards towards Constantinople, ruthlessly defacing and destroying its most fertile provinces. Before he reached the city, however, he was obliged to turn northwards, to suppress a revolt. Constantinople

was saved, and Anatolius and the other citizens could breathe freely.

During the eight years of his office Anatolius preserved the Church at Constantinople in peace—no easy matter with so excitable and restless a population.

He wrote few hymns, but those that have come down to us give a faint echo of the turmoil of his life. "His evening hymn, 'The day is past and over,' is a great favourite in the Greek isles. It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's evening hymn is to the villages of our own land."

TUNE—*Anatolius.*

The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

HATHERLY, Mus. B.



Fierce was the billow wild;
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;

Trembled the mariners;
Peri was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
"Peace, it is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the fiercest wind,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be;
Darkness must fly:
Then saith the Light of Light,
"Peace, it is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me,
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
"Peace, it is I!"

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE

Andrew was born in the seventh century in the ancient city of Damascus, shortly before it was captured by the Saracens. His youth was spent in the lovely gardens on its river-banks. But Andrew was content to leave home and his lovely native city, to become a monk at Jerusalem.

Why did good men in those days become hermits or monks? The reply to this is the condition of the world from which they fled. The whole civilised world, during the decay of the great Roman Empire, was growing more and more corrupt. The emperors of this period were brutal, cunning, and cruel. The judges and magistrates of the cities took bribes, so that justice was not to be had.

Torture was employed by the governors of the provinces, not only on the slaves, but on free men. Heavy taxes were levied on the exhausted populations, which were spent on wars with the Goths, or the Germans, and in court luxury. The land was cultivated by slaves and miserable peasants, and the rich were served by slaves in their own households. Oppression, greed, and cruelty had driven many a noble Roman in despair to escape by suicide a life which he knew to be degrading. Such were Seneca, the tutor of the Emperor Nero, and the poet Lucretius, who were content to die by their own hands, rather than live to witness the ever-increasing wickedness of Imperial Rome.

The Christian faith was reforming the lives of individuals who believed in God and sought to work righteousness; but these converts had no hope for society in this world, and looked forward to a kingdom of God after death. Despairing of society, they fled, men and women also, to live in deserts and caves of the earth. At the end of the fourth

century Upper Egypt was fully peopled by hermits and monks. Marvellous stories were told of their courage, purity, helpfulness, and charity. This monastic movement was accepted and preached by all the great and good men of the time. Athanasius, Chrysostom, Augustine—all supported it. From Egypt right across Europe as far as Ireland and Cornwall the same ideal of Christian life is found; so that to "enter religion or to be converted in those days came to mean, to become a monk or a nun."

Andrew of Crete, like the best men in his century, entered a monastery. Whilst there, the abbot sent him on the business of the community to Constantinople, where he remained as Deacon of the great Church and Warden of the Orphanage, for even in those far-away days the Church took care of the fatherless children of its members. A few years later Andrew was made Archbishop of Crete, where he was considered an eloquent preacher. Seventeen of his sermons were famous, and he wrote some lively hymns, one of which is given here.

He died at a small Greek island, near the shore of Asia Minor, in the year 730 A.D.

TUNES—*St. Andrew of Crete; Caswall.*

Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! say but boldly,
"While I breathe I pray";
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, OR JOHN OF DAMASCUS, AND STEPHEN THE SABAITE

Our story is of a man who takes his name from the oldest city in the world.

Damascus is still a great town, with caravans arriving and departing, though it is less pro-

sperous than before the Suez Canal was opened. Long before Rome or Athens was founded, while Europe was only peopled by a few wandering tribes, Damascus was an old city. When Abraham, the founder of the Jewish race, first came into Palestine and lived in tents among the Canaanites, Damascus was already a walled town. It is built along seven miles of the banks of the ancient river Abana, of whose waters Naaman the Syrian leper was so proud. The river rises among the melting snows of Lebanon, and comes headlong down its slopes, bringing beauty and fertility as it travels. Here grew the sweet damask roses and the damson plums; the famous damascene swords of finest steel were made here.

It was just outside the walls of this city that St. Paul beheld the heavenly vision which changed his life; and here, a week later, he talked with the wandering and trembling brethren, who looked for a persecutor and found a comrade; and from these walls he escaped in a basket from his angry pursuers. In spite of persecution the faith of Christ

spread, and Damascus continued a Christian city for six hundred years.

In this beautiful city, more than twelve hundred years ago, was born the hymn-writer known as John of Damascus. A hundred years earlier the city had been besieged by Arabs, and after a long and terrible struggle the invaders carried the assault, and entered the city in triumph. The Arabs at that time were fierce warriors, full of enthusiasm for Mahomet, ready to subdue the world in his name; but they knew nothing of the government of cities, and were glad to avail themselves of the help of some of the older inhabitants. They found John's father to be a good man, capable and honest, and they selected him to govern the country for them. Like Joseph in Egypt and Daniel in Babylon, this man was placed in a very high position by the conquering race, and proved himself worthy of their trust. Living under the control of foreigners and in the presence of Mahometan fanatics, this man continued an earnest Christian.

When John was born, his father insisted

on having him baptized, though he knew that this public act of Christian faith might bring trouble with the Mahometan rulers. He adopted a poor boy, Cosmas by name, taking him into his own house as a companion for John, and brought up both boys together. His great wealth he devoted to the ransom of Christian slaves, who were brought by the Mahometans in great numbers to the slave-market of Damascus.

One day, as he was passing through the market, he saw an Italian captive whom all the other slaves seemed to reverence. The man seemed sad and hopeless. He said he had spent his life in learning the wisdom of the Greeks, and now, as a slave, he might be sold to a rough soldier or a camel-driver, and never again be able to teach or open a book. John's father thought this man, if he was so learned and respected, was just the right tutor for John and Cosmas. The Caliph of Damascus gave consent to this arrangement, and the Italian slave was set at liberty, and entered the household of his benefactor as tutor to the boys.

With him they studied mathematics, astronomy, and the philosophy of the Greeks. Both boys made such rapid progress that at length the tutor confessed that they had learned all that he could teach, and he begged to be allowed to leave them and to enter the monastery of St. Saba. John and Cosmas were now grown up; they had profited by a good education. Cosmas followed the tutor to St. Saba, where he became a monk, and years afterwards was appointed bishop to the south of Syria. Whilst in the monastery Cosmas wrote hymns which are still sung in the east of Europe.

John stayed in Damascus, and was so useful to the Government of the city that, after his father's death, the Arabs raised him to the office of Chief Councillor to the Caliph. Here he served as honestly as his father before him; but, as Daniel was not without enemies in Babylon, so John of Damascus was envied by Mahometans, who hated him for his position. They hatched a plot against him, accused him of betraying the Government by a forged letter; and so plausible were they

that the Caliph deprived John of his position, and sentenced him to a cruel punishment.

Shortly afterwards the Caliph found that John had been in the right, and begged him to resume his old office. But John had determined to quit Damascus, and join his friends at the monastery of St. Saba. There, seven hundred feet above the Dead Sea, like the nest of an eagle on the precipitous crag, were built the cells of the monks who had fled from the world that they might serve God by prayer and fasting. There, in that solid wall of yellow rock, stood the monastery, an outpost of Eastern Christendom, even as it stands to-day. No grass or tree grows in that dreary region; no cheerful voices break the silence of the valley—only the howling of wolves and jackals, and the voracious starlings mar the stillness. The monks tame many of these birds and lavish much affection on them, feeding them daily from the refectory. The monks never tasted meat; they fasted, prayed, and laboured. None of them wanted to teach John of Damascus, as they feared so distinguished a novice; but at last an old

monk took him in hand, and taught him that silence and obedience were the first duties of a monk.

John was ready to learn, and for months obeyed in silence. Then one of the brethren died, and John composed a funeral poem, set it to music, and sang it in his cell. The monks recognised his gift, set him free to write verses and tunes, and to preach on missions through Syria. His hymns are sung in Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and in Greece. A few years ago they were translated for us into English as we have them here.

He had a little nephew, Stephen, who came into the monastery when he was only ten years old, and stayed there all his life, dying at the age of seventy. It was this Stephen who wrote the well known hymn "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

So, in that lonely and desolate spot above the Dead Sea, twelve hundred years ago, there was a little group of men writing hymns to the praise of God, which ever since have formed part of the worship of the Christian Church.

TUNE—*Damascus.*

Those eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God,—
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned";
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Play away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, Fight!

While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
What though sad the story
Of this life's distress,
Oh the future glory!
Oh the loveliness!

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, A.D. 780.

TUNE—*St. John Damascene.*

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen.

All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:

Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS.

TUNE—*Stephanos.*

Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, *nephew of* ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS.

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM

While Charlemagne was reigning over France, Germany, and Italy, at once the ruler of Europe and the champion of Christendom, the Mahometans were kept in check; but after his death, in A.D. 814, they advanced up the Mediterranean, and seized and occupied Sicily. Wherever these fierce warriors became the rulers, the Christian population was harassed and persecuted, even as it is to-day in Armenia.

About the time of Charlemagne's death, Joseph was born of Christian parents in Sicily. After 830 he, with countless other Christians, fled before the victorious Mahometans, and took ship to Thessalonica, where he became

a monk. Later, he went to Constantinople, to the great monastery of the Studium.

The head of this abbey, Theodore of the Studium, was a man of far-reaching influence in the Church of his day. He wrote a celebrated hymn on the Last Judgment, which is still used in the east of Europe; he did much to elevate the lives of the monks and to improve the condition of slaves. He wrote thus: "A monk ought not to possess a slave either for his own service, or for the service of his monastery, or for the culture of its lands; for a slave is a man, made after the image of God."

When persecution again broke out, Theodore endured imprisonment and scourging, while Joseph again took ship and started for Rome.

In those days a sea voyage was long and tedious; the compass and charts by which great oceans are now safely navigated were not known till six hundred years later. The sailors of those days crept cautiously round the coasts, calculating time and distances by the position of the stars, the sun, and the moon. But when tempests arose, or fogs obscured the heavens, this reckoning was

impossible. The wonder is that in their frail barques they dared to cross such perilous seas. In the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we have a most graphic description of a winter voyage, eight hundred years earlier, from the Levant to the Adriatic, where St. Paul, a prisoner on his way to Rome, was shipwrecked.

The monk Joseph, who twice fled from persecution, was not destined to pass his life without adventures; the vessel on which he had taken his passage to Rome, as she passed among the Greek isles, was seized by pirates, all on board being taken prisoners and conveyed to Crete, where they were made slaves.

Years rolled on, but Joseph's period of slavery was not a wasted time; by his life and by his teaching he converted many in Crete to the faith of Christ. Like St. Patrick in Ireland, the slave was a missionary and an apostle.

At last Joseph regained his liberty and proceeded safely to Rome, where he was greatly esteemed by the bishop.

On returning to Constantinople, he lived

quietly, and devoted the whole of his time to the composition of hymns, of which he wrote an immense number. But his retirement from the world was to be no protection from persecution. He died a martyr. The Russian Church still commemorates him every year on April 4.

It was during his life that the first Christian missionaries settled in Russia; they were sent from Constantinople, and their converts gradually changed Russia from heathenism to Christianity.

The hymn "Safe home, safe home in port," by Joseph of the Studium, becomes of special interest as we remember his escape from the Saracens in Sicily, his flight from Constantinople, his seizure by pirates from Crete, and his final martyrdom at Constantinople.

TUNE—*St. Joseph Studium.*

Let our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!

Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

TUNES—*Safe Home; Axbridge.*

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage—perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears:
What matters now grief's darkest day?
The King has wiped those tears away.

NOTE.

These hymns were translated into English by Dr. Mason Neale.

CHAPTER III

ST. AMBROSE AND ST. AUGUSTINE

THE most imposing figure in the history of the fourth century is Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. He dominates kings, and uses his great power for the highest ends.

Ambrose was born in A.D. 340. His father, Ambrosius, was a Roman governor or Lord-Lieutenant of France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain. His eldest child was Marcellina, a girl ; Ambrose was his first son, and received a hearty welcome.

One day, as he was sleeping in his cradle in the open courtyard, for it was hot weather, a swarm of bees settled on his head. The nurse, greatly alarmed, wanted to drive them off, but his father, Ambrosius, stopped her. The bees, having satisfied themselves that the baby's head was not a flower, flew away.

The baby still slept, and his father exclaimed, "If the boy live, he will surely turn out something great." For Ambrosius, in common with his contemporaries, believed in omens: the bees flying from the baby's mouth meant a future of honeyed eloquence from his tongue.

Ambrose received a good education in reading, writing, arithmetic, the poet Virgil, the Greek grammar, and the Christian faith. On the death of his father the family went to live in Rome, where Ambrose and his brother studied law, while Marcellina entered a religious house.

Ambrose became a successful barrister, his eloquence attracted attention throughout Italy, and at the age of thirty the Government sent him to be supreme judge at Milan.

A few months later the Bishop of Milan died, and at the election of the new bishop Ambrose had to preside. The Emperor Valentinian was very anxious that a good appointment should be made. There was a great tumult and excitement among the bishops, which Ambrose quelled from the chair. Suddenly a voice in the crowd ex-

claimed, "Ambrose is Bishop!" This was echoed by all parties. Ambrose refused, and when they insisted he fled from Milan.

The position of bishop in Milan at that time was not attractive. The imperial rulers were despotic, paganism was still strong, the Goths were rampant on all the northern borders of the empire. The bishops and the Emperor being determined that Ambrose should be bishop, he was fetched back to Milan. He pleaded, "I am not fit; I am a sinful man." "Thy sin be upon us," they cried. At last he submitted, was baptized, and a week later he was consecrated Bishop of Milan.

Hurried as he was from the judge's bench to the bishop's see, Ambrose seized every minute to study the Bible and theology. He boldly rebuked sin, especially in magistrates when they failed to administer justice; so that not only Milan but all North Italy acknowledged Ambrose to be a great power in their midst.

About this time the Emperor Valentinian died of apoplexy, brought on by ungoverned temper, leaving his sons Gratian, aged seventeen, and Valentinian, aged four years, to the

guardianship of Ambrose. Justina, the widow-empress, was jealous, and became a bitter and unrelenting foe. It was a time of special difficulty, for the fierce Huns were pressing westwards against the Goths, and the Goths, thus impelled, broke over into Italy, where famine quickly followed.

Meanwhile family trouble fell on Ambrose. His brother, going on business to Africa, was shipwrecked; and though he was rescued and returned safely to Milan, he was ill of a fever. Marcellina came from Rome to nurse him, but in vain; he died in the arms of Ambrose.

The young Emperor Gratian, realising that it was beyond his power to govern the empire alone, with the consent of Ambrose, invited Theodosius, a brave Spaniard, to share the duties and the title. He was brave and honest, and had led the army to victory when repelling the Goths. He was consecrated emperor, and swore to act fairly by Gratian and the young Valentinian. Gratian, however, did not live long to enjoy his friendship; for the unfortunate youth, after joining in a hunt,

was found wounded to death—assassinated, as it was believed. His last words were a cry for his beloved Ambrose.

The Empress Justina had always hated Ambrose, and endeavoured to alienate Gratian and her little son Valentinian from him. She now made an alliance with the hostile Goths, who were to enter Milan, seize the churches, and kill Ambrose or drive him out of the city. Ambrose thereupon assembled the Christians in the churches, where they remained day and night on guard. To prevent their being overpowered by sleep, and to cheer them during the night watches, Ambrose wrote hymns for them to sing. These hymns, of which twelve remain, became very popular, and were adopted all over Italy and the Western Empire.

In spite of the evil training by his mother Justina, the young Emperor Valentinian grew up to love goodness, and begged Ambrose to baptize him. Ambrose consented. A meeting was arranged for, when the palace officials were bribed by a man in the army who wanted to be emperor himself, and young Valentinian was found strangled in his bed.

The body was taken to Milan for burial, and Ambrose preached on the occasion.

At last Justina ceased to oppose Ambrose. Like Jezebel of old, she had been the evil genius of her family and the opponent of all that was good. Disappointed in her schemes, she died in A.D. 388.

But if the empress had been the cause of the greatest troubles in the life of Ambrose, the Christian lady Monica brought him his greatest triumph, and that by which he is best remembered. Monica and her husband lived at Carthage, in North Africa, where their son Augustine was born. They brought him up in the Christian faith and gave him a good education; but from the first Augustine was set on evil. Disobedient and rebellious, he revelled in wrong-doing. Monica prayed for him day and night; and though Augustine went from bad to worse, choosing evil company and sinking into every form of vice, she never despaired of him.

He studied law with such success that he procured an appointment at Milan, in the north of Italy; upon which Monica wrote

to Ambrose about him. On arriving at Milan, Augustine went to the church to hear the famous hymns, and also to amuse himself by studying the eloquence of Ambrose, whose fame had already spread to Africa. Then Ambrose and Augustine met, and at last the good seed fell into prepared soil. Augustine repented of his evil life, and one day, in a garden at Milan when in despair for his sins, he found God waiting to pardon. Then Ambrose baptized him, and he and Monica rejoiced together, for a great sinner was on the way to become a saint.

Monica was at this time on a visit to Milan. On her return journey she died at Ostia, near Rome, in great happiness, for her eyes were opened to foresee Augustine the convert become the great, pious, and learned Father of the Church. Ambrose received the crowning joy of his life, for by the conversion of Augustine many were turned to righteousness.

The greatest Christian hymn still in use is the Te Deum. For ages it was believed to have been composed by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine by direct inspiration from God,

immediately after the baptism of Augustine at Milan. Certainly it is a very ancient hymn, and some of the same expressions as those found in the Te Deum are also found in the writings of St. Augustine. Two ancient manuscripts of the Te Deum have been found, one from an old monastery in Ireland, and one from the Austrian Tyrol, which are entitled as the compositions of Ambrose and Augustine. Probably, however, the whole of it was not written at any one time. Ambrose and Augustine may have collected parts of it from the older liturgies of Jerusalem, Egypt, and Rome, and themselves have written other parts. The hymn as it stands now was in use early in the sixth century. It was chanted when Clovis was baptized by St. Remy at Rheims in A.D. 496, and it was sung at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. It was in regular use as a Sunday morning hymn in the beginning of the sixth century. It was chanted at the coronation of the Czar Nicholas at Moscow. No other hymn of praise has been by such universal consent set apart as the supreme expression of the overflowing gratitude of the

human heart. It has always been part of our coronation service; and whenever the national heart is stirred by some great deliverance, by hard-won victory on sea or land, or by the recovery of a beloved sovereign, there and then is the Te Deum sung.

But sterner duties awaited Ambrose. In A.D. 390 the Emperor Theodosius was the cause of a terrible massacre in Thessalonica. A charioteer in that city, much beloved of the people, had been guilty of a crime, and was imprisoned by order of the officer in charge of the garrison. The time of the great games in the circus drew near, and the town people clamoured that their favourite should be released to take part in the chariot race. The officer in charge refused; then the people broke into rebellion, seized the officers of the garrison and murdered them, dragging their bodies through the streets. On hearing of this act of insubordination, the Emperor Theodosius was furious, and taking the advice of Rufinus, Steward of the Royal Household, he resolved to be revenged on the whole population of Thessalonica. Invitations in

the name of the Emperor were sent to all the citizens to a great display at the circus. When the circus was packed with people, Gothic soldiers were sent in, and seven thousand men, women, and children were hacked to pieces.

Ambrose received this awful news from the old Bishop of Thessalonica, and was overwhelmed with horror. A few days later the Emperor Theodosius came to Milan and proceeded to the church as usual. Ambrose met him at the door, refused to admit him, and sternly sent him away. Theodosius then wrote a letter to Ambrose entreating him to visit him. Ambrose declined, and exhorted him to publicly confess his crime, refusing him the Holy Communion until he proved his penitence. Eight months passed by; Christmas was near. Theodosius looked forward to the festival in misery and tears. Then said Rufinus, "What ails you?" "Alas! the holy church is open to slaves and beggars, but it is shut to me," said Theodosius. "Let me run and persuade the bishop to release you," replied Rufinus, and departed. Confident of

success, Rufinus boldly entered the bishop's presence.

"You are as impudent as a dog, Rufinus. You advised this horrible massacre, and yet you are shameless," said Ambrose. "I shall prevent the Emperor from entering the church, and will die by his hands rather than admit him."

When the Emperor heard of this, he said, "I will go and receive the chastisement I deserve." He went to a vestry by the church, and begged that Ambrose would come to him and forgive him. Then said Ambrose, "What penitence have you shown? What remedy have you applied?" The Emperor promised to do all that Ambrose should direct. Then Ambrose showed that he was a statesman and not a monk. He arranged that a law should at once be made that no execution should take place until thirty days after the sentence of death, so that any condemnation made in haste could be altered. The Emperor consented, signed the document, and was then admitted to the church, where, falling on his knees he groaned out the burden of

his sins, and was readmitted to church communion. To the day of his death he went softly, never forgetting his crime, or again allowing his temper to gain the upper hand. When dying, he committed his two little sons to Ambrose, and begged him to be a father to them as he had been to Gratian and the young Valentinian.

Ambrose, worn out by his twenty years as bishop, was already an old man, though not fifty-five years of age. He took no meal between breakfast and supper, except on festivals, and his work was excessive—not only as a statesman and councillor, but as a writer and teacher, he was incessantly employed. The great days of baptism, when large numbers came for immersion, demanded much time and strength, and Ambrose did not take life lightly—he poured out his soul in sympathy with those who came to be helped into the Christian life. On his death-bed he calmly advised as to his successor, and then said the Lord Jesus had come to his side and smiled on him. On Good Friday, April 3, he ceased to breathe. On Easter Day he

was carried for burial into the church of St. Ambrogio. His funeral was attended by a vast number of Christians, Jews, and heathen, who all loved the great and holy man.

The greatest contemporary of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine was St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. The records of his life are meagre and confused; but this much seems certain, that he was a native of the north-west coast of Britain, that he was born during the last decade of the Roman occupation, that his father was a Christian deacon in a Roman colony. When the Goths were pouring through the north of Italy, and St. Ambrose was defending the church at Milan, St. Patrick, then a youth, was captured by Irish pirates and carried to Ireland, where his master employed him as a herder of sheep. Several years later he escaped, and after three days' voyage in an open boat on the Irish Sea he again landed in Britain, and after a toilsome journey found his way home. But the memories of heathen Ireland appealed to him in his dreams, and he knew it was God's will he should return there to preach the

gospel. He was ordained a deacon, and later a bishop, and spent his life travelling as a pilgrim, preaching and teaching the people of Ireland, and there raising up a band of Christian men and women the fame of whose piety and learning spread across Europe.

The labours of St. Patrick made Ireland a land of saints and missionaries, and a home of learning during the next four centuries. Some of his disciples evangelized Cornwall, Wales, and Brittany; and others founded a school for missionaries at Iona, and thence went forth and won Scotland and the north of England to Christ.

It is said that St. Patrick taught the wild Irish the doctrine of the Holy Trinity by showing them the shamrock, or small trefoil; and they still celebrate St. Patrick's Day by wearing this flower, now the national emblem.

The only hymn of St. Patrick which has survived is called "St. Patrick's Breastplate." It is a strange, wild appeal to the Holy Trinity to deliver men from harms, ghostly and bodily, an incantation rather than a hymn:

he prays to be delivered "from the spells of women, smiths, and Druids." It is still sung in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day.

Free from foreign invasion, whilst all the rest of Europe was plunged in a struggle with Goths and northern pirates, Ireland became the refuge of learning and religion; and it is well for us to remember that the same age which gives us the hymns of St. Ambrose, the Te Deum, and the writings of St. Augustine, also sent forth the missionaries of St. Patrick to Cornwall and Scotland, Wales and Brittany.

TUNES—*Dunfermline; Northrepps; Aristides.*

Once more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That His eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

Oh may no sin our hands defile
Or cause our minds to rove,
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love!

Throughout the day, O Christ, in Thee
May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still is hovering round.

Subservient to Thy daily praise
Our daily toil shall be;
So may our works, in Thee begun,
Be furthered, Lord, by Thee.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel host.

ST. AMBROSE, A.D. 397.

The famous song made by F. B. P. at the end of the sixteenth century begins:

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes have an end?
Thy ioys when shall I see?

There are twenty-six verses, some of them very quaint. The most popular modern version, given in the text, is believed to be by Montgomery.

TUNES—*Beulah; Jerusalem; Sunninghill.*

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labours have end,
When I thy joys shall see.

From St. Augustine's Meditations.

St. Ambrose and St. Augustine:

The Te Deum—"We praise Thee, O God."—*Compiled together, and probably added to by* BISHOP NICETAS, *a contemporary.*

O Lord Most High, Eternal King.—ST. AMBROSE.

O God, who canst not change nor fail.—ST. AMBROSE.

NOTE.

Augustine was born at Tagaste, in Numidia, but educated at Carthage.

On the authority of Dr. Brightman, we learn that Nicetas, Bishop of Dalmatia, gave the final form to the Te Deum.

CHAPTER IV

LATIN HYMN-WRITERS OF THE NINTH CENTURY—CHARLEMAGNE, THEODULPH, AND NOTKER

THE eighth century, as it draws to a close, reveals to us a brilliant, commanding figure—Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, or Carolus Magnus, as the Romans called him. He was the worthy grandson of Charles Martel, or Charles the Hammer, so called because he met the great Saracen force, which had conquered Spain and all the countries bordering the Mediterranean, and destroyed their power, and so delivered our ancestors of Britain and our neighbours of Gaul from the yoke of the Mahometans.

Charlemagne, the grandson of the Hammer, was a great and successful soldier. He raised armies, suppressed insurrections in Italy, sub-

dued the wild Saxon tribes on both sides of the Elbe, drove the Saracens and Moors from the north of Spain to the south of the Ebre, and extended his empire from the Elbe and the Danube on the east to the Atlantic on the west.

Charlemagne was not a mere conqueror, though bloodshed and military campaigns occupied thirty years of his life, but other qualities demand our admiration. "In a life restlessly active, we see him reforming the coinage, gathering about him the learned of every country, founding schools and collecting libraries, interfering with the air of a king in religious controversies, moulding Roman laws and barbarian customs into a uniform system, and full of enterprise for the development of commerce."

Theodulph, afterwards Abbot of Fleury and Bishop of Orleans, was one of the twenty-seven learned men from different parts of Europe whom Charlemagne brought to live in his palace, as his advisers. These men of learning attended Charlemagne at his various residences, teaching him, his children, and

courtiers, lessons in grammar, astronomy, theology, and music.

They were not employed as teachers only: sometimes Charlemagne sent them on political missions to negotiate with foreign courts; at other times he sought their advice in problems of policy and religious difficulty. "Either in the lifetime of their royal patron or after his death, all these scholars became great dignitaries of the Church, or entered famous monasteries; but so long as they lived, they served Charlemagne and his sons, not only with the devotion of faithful advisers, but also as followers, proud of the master who honoured them by using them."

Theodulph, a native of Italy, was a poet and a theologian. Charlemagne brought him to the palace, then made him Abbot of Fleury, and afterwards Bishop of Orleans. Theodulph was a good and useful bishop.: he restored and built beautiful churches which had been injured or destroyed during the wars; he encouraged skill and learning in the cloisters, and presented books to some of the churches near Fleury. When bishop, he did his best to

improve the clergy and to provide education for the people. In Orleans he established a hospice, where travellers and the poor might be relieved by rest, food, drink, and gifts of clothing. He was the able and trusted counsellor in the court of Charlemagne; but after the death of that monarch his troubles began.

A conspiracy broke out in the north of Italy against the new Emperor Louis the Debonair. Theodulph was suspected of being in league with the conspirators; he was arrested, and thrown into the convent prison at Angers on the Loire. Theodulph was undoubtedly guiltless; but although he wrote many letters to the Emperor Louis, he failed to convince him of his innocence. At last Louis himself came to Angers, and being Palm Sunday he joined the church procession through the streets. As the King passed by the window of the cloister where Theodulph was imprisoned, Theodulph began to sing his Palm Sunday hymn, which he had composed for the occasion — "All glory, laud, and honour." The King stopped to listen to the voice which had been so familiar at the palace

in his childhood, and, charmed by the sweet hymn, he gave orders that Theodulph should be set at liberty. But he did not live to return to his bishopric at Orleans, as he died a few days after his liberation.

Theodulph's hymn was adopted throughout Europe by the churches and cathedrals, and it was sung regularly every Palm Sunday by the children at the beginning of the service. At Salisbury Cathedral (Old Sarum), it was sung by seven boys at the south door of the cathedral; at Hereford it was sung by seven boys at the gates of the city; at York Minster the choir-boys sang it in the gallery; in France, at Tours and at Rouen, it was sung at the gates of the city. There were many verses which the boys sang as they marched along, carrying the palm branches and banners. One verse is very quaint to modern ears:

Be Thou, O Lord, the Rider,
And we the little ass,
That to God's holy city
Together we may pass.

This verse was sung for eight hundred years,

but has been omitted since the seventeenth century.

Charlemagne himself learnt Latin and understood Greek, and in intervals of leisure he wrote letters, hymns, and other compositions. In one of his documents addressed to abbots and bishops he directs that in the schools they should "take care to make no difference between the sons of serfs and of free men, so that they might come and sit on the same benches to study grammar, music, and arithmetic."

Charlemagne is believed to be the author of the hymn "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," which is used when clergy, ministers or bishops, are ordained. It has been sung since the latter part of the ninth century, but is never referred to before this time. Some people believe it was written earlier than this, by St. Ambrose or by Bishop Gregory the Great; but as no trace of it is found in the annals of those centuries, we may conclude that Charlemagne, or one of his school at the palace, wrote it. About sixty years after the death of Charlemagne it was in the

possession of Charles the Fat, at the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a man of gross appetites, but greatly interested in Latin poetry. This emperor sent it to Notker, a monk at St. Gall, and a hymn-writer of great repute. And Notker, who was librarian of the monastery, caused the hymn to be copied and introduced widely into Church use. Throughout the Middle Ages it was sung in every church at Whitsuntide, and was a most important part of the service. Bells were rung, candles were lighted, incense was swung, and the priests put on their best vestments, and, so prepared, they sang this hymn to the Holy Spirit.

We have two English translations of the hymn: the one in the Prayer-Book, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," was translated by Bishop Cosins in the seventeenth century for his own private prayers; the other version is by the poet Dryden, who lived in London in the latter part of the seventeenth century, writing plays and poems. Dryden died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

But to return to Notker, who first caused the hymn to circulate. He belonged to the

famous Benedictine foundation—the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland. St. Gall had been converted to Christ at the end of the sixth century by the preaching of St. Columb, a Cornish saint who went abroad to live among the heathen of Burgundy and the Vosges Mountains. The monastery was a large establishment, and many costly manuscripts were treasured there; kings and princes visited this cloister, and all were received with hospitality by the guestmaster.

Notker, who exchanged hymns and poems with the Emperor, was a poet as well as librarian and guestmaster to the monastery. When he first arrived at St. Gall, the other monks jeered at him, and tried to make him ridiculous, because he stammered, and they nicknamed him "Babulus," which means "Stammerer." But though this infirmity prevented Notker from becoming an eloquent preacher, it could not hinder his devotion to literature and his passion for poetry.

One night, as he lay awake in his bed in the dormitory, and the wind was howling over the mountains, and the water-wheel groaning as

the swollen stream pressed on it, Notker could not sleep. The Church chants, which he found so difficult to remember, began to run through his head to the accompaniment of the water-wheel. Then he found how easy it would be to sing them in rhyme. In the morning, as soon as it was light, he hurried to the library, and wrote out the chants in the rhythm which had come to him in the night as he listened to the water-wheel. These rhymed chants were called Sequences, and were adopted by the churches and cloisters of Europe, and Notker, the poor, stammering monk, found himself a famous man.

His best-known hymn, still in use in Germany, begins, "In the midst of life death has girt us round." It was suggested to him as he stood watching some labourers building a bridge at Martinsbruck, at the peril of their lives. Builders in those days had difficulties to contend with which modern machinery has greatly lessened, and an enormous loss of life was the necessary accompaniment of all great engineering works. This hymn of Notker's was set to music, and

became very popular; indeed, it was used as a battle-song for centuries, but at last was discontinued, because the soldiers looked upon it as an incantation or charm. It has been used at funerals in Germany since the thirteenth century, and in its prose translation forms a part of our English Burial Service.

Notker's most famous contemporary was our Alfred the Great. While Notker was writing Latin hymns, copying manuscripts, and receiving guests at St. Gall, Alfred was subduing the Danes, legislating for England, and providing education and books for his people. If he did not visit St. Gall himself, he would most probably send there for supplies of literature, or for teachers for his schools, and the famous hymns of Charlemagne and Theodulph given here were becoming familiar to the English before the death of King Alfred.

TUNE—*Wrestling Jacob.*

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song,—
All praise to Thy eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

Probably by CHARLEMAGNE, A.D. 810, *translated by* BISHOP COSINS, *17th century.*

TUNE—*St. Theodulph.*

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

BISHOP THEODULPH *of Orleans*, A.D. 820.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid.—CHARLEMAGNE, *translated by* DRYDEN.

CHAPTER V

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE

MONARCHS have seldom been writers; the life of courts, with its endless round of public duties, rigid etiquette, or military pomp, is not compatible with the leisure and repose of mind necessary for authorship.

In barbaric times the sword, and not the pen, was deemed appropriate to kings. It is true that Marcus Aurelius, on the throne of the Cæsars, wrote his lofty philosophy, and our own Alfred the Great was at once an author, a warrior, and a far-seeing statesman; but they are notable exceptions.

Robert the Hymn-writer, who came to the throne of France about one hundred years after the death of our King Alfred, was neither statesman nor warrior. The misfortune of his life was that he inherited a throne; in the

comfortable obscurity of private life, or as a monk, Robert would have been happy enough. Physically and morally, he was well endowed; the Archbishop of Bruges tells us "he had a lofty figure, hair smooth and well arranged, modest eyes, pleasant and gentle mouth, and a tolerably well-furnished beard. . . . He was versed in all the sciences, philosopher enough, and an excellent musician, and so devoted to sacred literature that he never passed a day without reading the psalter and praying to the Most High God." He wrote Latin poems and set them to music, and when at Rome on a pilgrimage he laid on the altar of St. Peter a volume of his own hymns, together with their tunes. He often went to the church of St. Denis, clad in his royal robes, and with his crown on his head, and he there conducted the singing at the three daily services, chanting with the monks, and himself calling upon them to sing.

When twenty-five years of age he married the Princess Bertha, daughter of the Emperor Conrad, to whom he was devoted. She was his fourth cousin, and the Pope declared the

marriage unlawful, and commanded Robert to give up Bertha on pain of excommunication. Robert refused to part with his beloved wife and queen, and the terrible sentence was passed. The Pope, then head of the Church and master of the world, declared Robert and Bertha to be outside the communion of all good Christian people. They were outcasts, their servants fled from them; and not only was the palace deserted, but Paris and the whole kingdom was laid under an interdict. The church bells were silent, neither weddings nor funerals were sanctified by prayer, the churches were closed, the pictures and images were draped with black, and the priests dared not minister, even to the dying. In the palace two slaves alone remained to cook and wait on the royal pair, and they were so much afraid of any contact with these excommunicated persons that, in bringing the food to table, they trembled so exceedingly that they dropped the dishes, and rather than share the meat they threw what remained after the meal into the fire.

The unhappy Queen Bertha at this time

became a mother, and her little infant died as soon as it was born. The priests assured her that it was the wrath of God—that her infant had been no ordinary child, but an imp of the evil one, with the head of a goose and the tail of a serpent. Bertha, overcome with horror on hearing these cruel lies, consented to leave her husband and enter a convent. Robert was forced to submit, and his beloved wife spent the rest of her life at the convent of Chelles. He would gladly have renounced his throne, and entered St. Denis, but this was not practicable. He was the King of France, descendant of a great dynasty, and had no heir. To please his subjects he married Constance, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, a loud and fashionable woman with a headstrong temper, who cared not a jot for anyone but herself. She made the court at Paris the centre of gay and corrupt society, and was excessively annoyed at her husband's devotion to the Church and his pious habits. Of her three sons, she loved only the youngest, and even for him she would not control her temper. So from this household of strife and

hatred each son departed as he came to manhood; and though King Robert did his best to restore peace, he did not succeed in maintaining it. A dinner of herbs with the brotherhood at St. Denis was better to him than a feast in the queen's company. Instead of facing the situation and maintaining his authority in court and kingdom, he tried to shut his ears to the discords of earth whilst listening for the harmonies of heaven.

While the French king was king in little more than name, his vassals, the nobles, were accumulating wealth and power in their hands. The Dukes or Counts of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, and Flanders were the real rulers. They built huge castles with donjons and turrets, where they could safely defy the King, intimidate the peasantry, and imprison those from whom they hoped to extort money.

The miseries of the peasants under the tyranny of the nobles stirred them to rebellion. They bound themselves to support one another in resisting the encroachments of the nobles, as says their chronicler: "The lords do us nought but ill, every day for us is a day of

suffering, toil and weariness every day; we have our cattle taken from us for road work and forced service; there are so many provosts, bailiffs, and serjeants that we have not one hour's peace; day by day they run us down, seize our movables, and drive us from our lands. Let us learn to fight with club, boar-spear, with arrow, with axe, and even with stones, and we shall be free to hunt, fish, and cut down trees in our own fashion." These poor peasants were soon put down by the regular troops of the Duke of Normandy; numbers of them had their hands and feet cut off as a warning to the whole population.

It was generally believed that in the year A.D. 1000 the world would come to an end; this conviction drove crowds of penitents to the churches, to seek forgiveness and to make reparation; others, who were determined to enjoy the few remaining months, gave themselves up to vice and every kind of licence. Neither the religious nor the worldly believed that the world would continue beyond the year, so they neglected their lands, sowed no seed, and reaped no harvest. An exceedingly

rainy season followed, and then came famine, and so great was the distress that bodies were no sooner buried than they were dug up and eaten ; travellers were murdered, and children decoyed from their parents to furnish food. A butcher at Tournay was condemned to be burnt at the stake for exposing human bodies as meat in his shop.

In the midst of suffering France King Robert always showed himself on the side of the weak and the oppressed. Not only did he protect them against the powerful, but took pains to conceal their faults ; and in church and at table he suffered himself to be robbed rather than denounce them and punish the robbers. At one time he had as many as three hundred beggars in the palace, much to the indignation of the queen, with whom, on this occasion, one may well sympathise. Whenever the King gave an alms to any of his servants, he used to say, "Take care that Constance knows nought about it."

The poor of Paris lived on the King's charity, and at his death "there was great mourning and intolerable grief, a countless

number of widows and orphans beat their breasts and went to and from his tomb, crying, 'May the soul of that pious father be blest and saved; may it mount up and dwell for ever with Jesus Christ, the King of kings.'"

Robert's hymns were written in Latin and sung in the churches and convents throughout Europe. How pathetic they appear as we think of the cruelties of his lot, the separation from the beloved Bertha, and the fate of his hapless babe!

TUNE—*Stabat Mater.*

Ancient Latin Melody.



Holy Ghost! my Comforter!
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

Come to them who suffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth.

Thou, the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou, of comforters the best,
Give to us, the o'er-laden, rest.

Come! in Thee our toil is sweet,
Shelter from the noonday heat,
From whom sorrow flieth fleet.

Blessèd Sun of grace! o'er all
Faithful hearts who on Thee call
Let Thy light and solace fall.

What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,
O'er the parchèd heart, O rain!
Heal the wounded of its pain.

Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts to right incline.

Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give Thy gift of charity.

May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!

CHAPTER VI

THE BERNARDS OF CLAIRVAUX AND CLUNY

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

ST. BERNARD, Abbot of Clairvaux and author of some of the most celebrated hymns of the Middle Ages, was the leading figure in Europe during the first half of the twelfth century. Of him Luther wrote, three hundred years later, "St. Bernard was the best monk that ever was, whom I love beyond all the rest put together." In him we see the monastic life at its best, its advantages and perils.

Bernard was born at the end of the eleventh century in Burgundy, a country of high mountains and thick forests. His father, Tecelin, was a noble knight of stainless honour, his mother, Alith, a most devout lady. She had six sons and one daughter, and secretly vowed

all of them to God. She herself taught them, and never let the occupations and pastimes of fashionable life come between herself and her children. They grew up in her gracious presence, loving the service of God better than all else.

In death as in life the Lady Alith was Christ's, and her last words were His praises. Like the mother of the Wesleys, six hundred years later, her prayers for her children were all answered.

Bernard, the third son, was a handsome youth with pleasant manners and a most winning smile. He refused to go to court, or to seek honours in the Church, but inquired for the poorest, obscurest, and most severe monastery. He heard of Citeaux, a small community founded by Stephen Harding, an Englishman, who, as a child, had been dedicated to God at Sherborne, in Dorset. Citeaux was in a desert place on the borders of Champagne and Burgundy. It was dismal and desolate, and so all the more attractive to Bernard, who measured holiness by suffering—"the more remote from man, the nearer to

God." Pain, hardships, and prayer were to fill the monk's whole life. But Bernard did not enter Citeaux alone, for thirty companions, animated by his example, sought entrance to the little community. They were followed by two of his brothers and an uncle, then by another brother. At last all had come but the youngest, Nivard, to whom the eldest said, "To you remains the whole patrimony of our house." "Earth to me and heaven to you, that is no fair partition," said the boy. A little while he lingered on at home with his aged father, Tecelin, but eventually both of them followed Bernard, and old Tecelin died in his arms, a monk of Clairvaux.

The little community of Citeaux was quite unable to contain the numbers who followed Bernard, and it was necessary to found a new colony. Bernard was chosen to lead it. There was a valley near the River Aube of very evil name; it was notorious as a den of robbers. Bernard resolved to turn it into a temple of God, and there he and his most adventurous companions settled in huts, and founded the abbey of Clairvaux. At first

they were nearly starved, being reduced to eat beech leaves to support life, until the surrounding peasantry, respecting their courage and piety, brought them bread. Under the oaks and beeches Bernard studied the Scriptures. He also worked with the labouring monks to drain the wild, marshy land and make it as a garden of the Lord.

One day Bernard's sister, Humbeline, who was married to a noble, came to visit her brothers at Clairvaux. She came attended by a great retinue, splendidly dressed in all the fashions of the day. At the gate of Clairvaux she sent in her name, but none of her brothers would come out to her, and she was bidden to go away. Then she entreated, "If I am a sinner, I am one of those for whom Christ died, and have the greater need of my brothers' kindly counsel." Bernard, much moved at this message, came to her, and asked her to give up all fashionable living, and to follow Christ. Humbeline obeyed; she prayed and fasted, and her last years were spent in a convent.

Many were his letters of faithful counsel, and everywhere his pathway was thronged with

friends. The Abbot Suger, Prime Minister of France, was glad to be guided by Bernard; he treasured his letters, and when on his death-bed longed only to see Bernard's face once more and then to die. William, Abbot of St. Thierry, used to say that "could he have chosen his lot among all the world had to offer, he would have desired nothing else than to remain always with this man of God as his servant." Peter the Venerable, Abbot of the rival monastery of Cluny, declared he had rather "pass his life with Bernard than enjoy all the kingdoms of the world"; and Hildebert, Archbishop of Treves, journeyed to Rome "to entreat the Pope to relieve him from his charge that he might spend the rest of his days at Clairvaux."

But dearest of all friends to Bernard was his own brother Gerard, whom he loved tenderly and whose death was the most terrible sorrow of his private life. During his illness Bernard watched, wept, and prayed. But Gerard died. Bernard controlled his grief, and saw his brother buried without a tear. The monks wondered at his firmness; he

ascended the pulpit and endeavoured to continue his course of instruction; but old recollections overpowered him, his voice was lost in sobs, and at last he poured forth his grief and entreated their sympathy, saying, "Who could ever have loved me as he did? He was a brother by blood, but far more by religion. . . . Thou hast angels for thy companions—but what have I to fill up the void thou hast left? For of a surety thou hast joined those whom in thy last night below thou didst invite to praise God. . . . At that moment, O my brother, the day dawned on thee, though it was night to us. . . . Just as I reached his side I heard him utter, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and, smiling, said, 'Oh, how gracious of God to be the Father of men, and what an honour for men to be His children!' And so he died, and so, dying, well-nigh changed my grief into rejoicing, so completely did the sight of his happiness overpower the recollection of my own misery. And now my tears put an end to my words, I pray thee teach me to put an end to my tears."

Bernard's fame as a preacher or persuader of men spread across Europe ; again and again he was offered bishoprics and might have become pope. He refused all, preferring to remain Abbot of Clairvaux.

Through his eloquence thousands of men entered the monasteries. Clairvaux was too small, and sent out branch colonies through France, Italy, Germany, to England and Spain.

In the midst of his busy life Bernard wrote hymns in Latin, at that day the only language of the Church in Western Europe. His hymn "O sacred Head, surrounded" has been sung for seven hundred years in the three tongues, Latin, German, and English.

Bernard's other most famous hymn, "Jesu, the very thought of Thee," is even more popular, and is found in almost every collection, English and American. Many others he wrote, one of which has fifty verses.

Bernard was born to be a statesman; his tact, judgment, and wisdom were so great that he was constantly called on to arbitrate between those who disagreed. He was so

persuasive that all were convinced of the justice of his verdicts. He became the adviser of the Pope; and when rival popes claimed the headship of the Church, it was Bernard who persuaded the Emperor to support Innocent II. at the cost of a war against the King of Sicily.

There were heavier tasks for Bernard than deciding between rival popes. In Paris Abelard, the eloquent lecturer, was attracting students from all parts of Europe; and in the north of Italy Arnold of Brescia was preaching Socialism. Both Abelard and Arnold, had they lived nowadays, would have been free to teach and write; but liberty of thought was unknown in those days, and the Pope, fearing the influence of these two powerful men, looked to Bernard to deal with them.

In 1145 the Christians in Palestine were faring ill. The Turks had retaken several cities from them, and were threatening Jerusalem. Then Bernard preached the second crusade, travelling across Europe and enlisting men alike from castle and cottage. King Louis of France, kneeling before Bernard,

received from his hands the cross; the Queen Eleanor assumed it like her husband. Nearly all the barons present followed their example. Bernard tore up his garments into crosses for distribution. "The villages and castles are deserted," he wrote to the Pope; "there is none to be seen but women and children."

In Germany he preached the crusade all along the Rhine. The Emperor Conrad III. hesitated, knowing how sorely he was needed at home. Then Bernard held a great service at Spires in the presence of the Emperor, and described the Last Judgment. Conrad was deeply moved, and interrupted the sermon by shouting, "I know what I owe to Jesus Christ, and I swear to go whither it pleaseth Him to call me."

The King of France and the Emperor of Germany each led one hundred thousand men to the East; but the crusade ended in disaster, and Bernard was overwhelmed with disappointment and grief. His vehement preaching of the crusade had brought disaster to the fairest homes in Europe.

That St. Bernard was a great and good

man none can doubt, but no man is fit for absolute power. St. Bernard had been a happier man had he been no statesman directing the fate of nations. The failure of the crusade broke his heart. He lingered a while, attended by his devoted followers. As he lay dying, he said, "I have lived wickedly, Thou loving Lord Jesus Christ, but Thou hast purchased heaven with Thy suffering and death. Thou hast unlocked heaven and presented it to me; . . . in this I have joy and comfort."

Throughout his life St. Bernard had not used his influence for his own personal advantage. He had striven for the Church, for his monks, and for what he held to be the welfare of mankind. He fell into many and grievous mistakes, but he always fell with his face Zionwards, and when the end came he was ready.

TUNES—*St. Agnes; Beatitudo.*

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

TUNE—*Passion Chorale.*

O Sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

O Jesus, King most wonderful.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

There were two monks called Bernard, both of whom lived in France in the twelfth century, and both wrote hymns which are loved the world over.

Bernard of Cluny (less known than his

famous contemporary St. Bernard of Clairvaux) was born of English parents at Morlaix, in Brittany, the north-west corner of France. Brittany together with Normandy were part of the English possessions in France in the twelfth century. In that day men from all parts of Europe were starting eastwards to the crusades. To fall wounded whilst fighting the Saracens was deemed an ample atonement for a life of crime. Others sought forgiveness from God by building great abbeys, minsters, and cathedrals. Most of these magnificent buildings in England and France were erected during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The nave of Westminster Abbey dates from that time.

Bernard of Cluny did not concern himself actively in the politics of his day; he took no part in the crusades; he entered the Abbey of Cluny, in Burgundy, the most famous and richest monastery of the age. It had been founded two hundred years earlier on a desolate spot. The labours of the monks had cleared the forests, drained the marshes, and turned the wild moor into rich pastures, stocked with

cattle. These lands were let to tenants who paid rent to the abbey. The money thus acquired was spent in building grand stone abbeys and cloisters, also in acquiring books and founding libraries and schools.

The monks in those days provided hospitably for travellers and strangers, relieved the poor, and educated the young in the abbey buildings.

The head of the monastery, Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, was far famed for his gentleness and learning, and the perplexed and the persecuted took refuge with him, sure of his sympathy. In the age of crusading armies and fiery denunciations of Turks and infidels, "the Abbot Peter caused the Koran to be translated, that Mahometanism might be understood and refuted, and the Moslem converted rather than slain. He received the excommunicated Abelard to his monastery, watched over him, and finally accomplished a reconciliation between him and St. Bernard of Clairvaux."

Peter was also a poet, and wrote a joyful hymn on the resurrection which begins, "Mortis

portis fractis fortis." The English translation, being in an unusual metre, is not easy to sing, and so is not given here.

There in Burgundy, surrounded by harvest-fields and vineyards, pasturelands and woods, in the great monastic library, we can picture the Abbot Peter and the monk Bernard writing and comparing their hymns, studying the rhythm and polishing the verses. Under the rule of the gentle Peter, Bernard of Cluny found a happy spot from whose calm retreat he could safely survey the world in its strife and turmoil. Here, peacefully enough, he wrote a satire of three thousand lines on the follies and wickedness of the world, and contrasted its passing fashions and furies with the halls of heaven and the horrors of hell.

The well-known hymns selected below are parts of that same satire, and are still sung in Europe and America alike by Catholic and Protestant.

TUNE—*Ewing.*

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

TUNES—*Rutherford; Day of Rest.*

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

TUNE—*St. Alphege.*

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

NOTE.

These hymns were translated into English by Dr. Mason Neale.

CHAPTER VII

GERMAN HYMNS

THE Reformation in the sixteenth century gave an immense impetus to literature amongst devout Germans. Their hymns chiefly date from that time. They had always been a music-loving race; the songs of their bards or minstrels were treasured up and repeated from one generation to another.

About A.D. 800, when Charlemagne was emperor, he determined to introduce the Church music of the Roman choirs into Germany, Austria, and France. Trained singers were sent from Rome to the chief cities on the Rhine, and were not a little shocked at the task they had to undertake. One Italian monk despairingly wrote, "Those gigantic bodies, whose voices roar like thunder, cannot imitate our sweet tones, for their

barbarous and ever-thirsty throats can only produce sounds as harsh as those of a loaded waggon passing over a rough road."

Nevertheless, the Germans proved apt pupils. In A.D. 1221 St. Francis of Assisi, in the north of Italy, held them up as patterns to his disciples. "There is a certain country called Germany, wherein dwell Christians, and, of a truth, very pious ones, who, as you know, often come as pilgrims into our land, with their long staves and great boots, and amid the most sultry heat and bathed in sweat, yet visit all the thresholds of the holy shrines, and sing hymns of praise to God and all His saints."

Before the Reformation in the sixteenth century hundreds of popular German songs had been written—crusading songs, which were sung by pilgrims on their long journeys; ballads to the praise of the Virgin, to the month of May, and to their own lady-loves; also to the heroes of King Arthur's Round Table, such as Sir Percival. These last were not of German origin, but were introduced from France. Walter Von der Vogelweide was

the most celebrated of these knightly singers. He was the favourite of his time, a welcome guest at every court, a great traveller, but always loving Germany best, a fighting crusader, and a devout Christian. His songs are lovely, and warm the heart. The following verses are from his crusading hymn:

Now, at last, is life worth living,
Since my sinful eyes behold
This pure land, where One, forgiving,
Wrought such mighty deeds of old.
What I prayed for, now I have!
I behold the soil, the grave,
Where God dwelt, as man, to save.

Lovely land! so rich in story,
Far above all I have seen,
Dost thou bear the palm of glory?
Ah, what wonders here have been!
That a virgin bare a child—
Lord of angels, yet so mild—
Sounds it not a wonder wild?

In the middle of the fourteenth century another hymn-writer arose, who was also a kind of forerunner of Luther. This was Tauler, the Dominican monk, who disregarded the interdict which the Pope had laid on German territory, and laboured in the great

cities on the Rhine, preaching to crowds in the open air in Cologne and in Strasburg. When the black death was raging, he stood by the people, and helped them by his example, his words, and his hymns, to face that greatest scourge of the age. His hymns are sweet and tender, his Christmas carols quaint and picturesque.

Luther greatly valued Tauler's writings; but it was to Luther himself, his contemporaries, and his followers, that the world is indebted for the great German hymns. All countries use them; "the hymn-books of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland, and in part those of Holland, consist to a large extent of hymns of German origin." John and Charles Wesley introduced them into England, where they now are popular in every branch of the Church.

MARTIN LUTHER

The end of the Middle Ages had come, the gross darkness which had so long covered the earth was dispersing. The invention of

printing, the revival of learning, the circumnavigation of the world, together with the discovery of America—all these events ushered in a new era.

Martin Luther was born in this new time, when old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new. Germany, under the Emperor throughout the Middle Ages, had been the hereditary foe of the Pope. Truces there had been, of course. All Europe sided with Emperor or with Pope. The Italian States, Austria, Venice, and other powers each joined whichever party promised most for the moment, so that the battle-cries of the imperial and papal parties rent Europe. But this opposition to the Pope by the German-speaking peoples of the empire had been almost entirely political, and not religious. That the Pope was the Vicar of Christ, that he possessed the keys of heaven and supreme power over the destiny of every individual man, was the creed of Germany, as well as of the rest of Christendom. This was the faith of Luther's parents, and of himself until he was nearly thirty years of age.

So we see Europe as it was at the close of the fifteenth century—invention, discovery, and adventures filling the air, but the authority of the Pope still dominating all men.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, in 1483; his parents were poor peasants who knew the value of education, and sent their children to school at great cost to themselves. His father was a miner, and Martin's early childhood was passed among the mines of Saxony, where copper is fused and silver smelted in the clearings of the pine forests. The miners were a strong and hardy race, fond of singing bold songs, telling wild stories, and treasuring up the legends and traditions of their native land.

Martin's father worked early and late for his children. His mother often had to carry home bundles of wood from the forest. Both parents brought up their children in the fear of God.

But the childhood of Luther was not altogether happy. His father and mother, though good people, were very severe. Once poor Martin was chastised fourteen times in

one day; food was not abundant; and worse than all else were his terrors of the unseen world.

The miners all believed that ugly little hobgoblins, full of spite and malice, lived in the mines, on the hills, and in the forests; and every time a misfortune happened, they thought wicked fairies, or cruel witches, or the devil himself, had caused it. The world is a very terrible place to those who do not know that the good God is over us all, and that the government is upon His shoulder.

When Luther was thirteen years old his parents sent him away to school, but were too poor to pay his fees, so he went through the streets to sing from door to door. Some people gave him pieces of bread and meat; others drove him away with harsh words. One day his clear, sweet singing and honest bearing attracted the attention of a good-hearted woman in Eisenach. She invited him into the house, and liked him so well that she arranged to let him live there during the four years of his schooling. The exceeding kindness of this lady was never forgotten by

Luther, and her good words of advice he treasured up.

From school he went to the university of Erfurt, where he took a degree, and then began to study law, by the wish of his parents. One day, whilst on a journey through a forest with a fellow-student, a terrible thunderstorm came on; the lightning blazed around, and struck his companion dead. Luther, much terrified, vowed to give himself to God if his life was spared, and become a monk.

A few weeks later, after a merry evening of music and singing amongst his college friends, Martin Luther left the university and entered the monastery.

His parents were very angry; they hoped Martin would have been a great lawyer and helped his family, and now in a monastery he was lost to them.

The monks sent him out to beg alms from door to door, but forbade him to talk with any of his old friends. Day after day Luther obeyed them; and he was most careful in saying his prayers seven times in the twenty-four hours, and in attending to all his duties

in the monastery; but he seemed to get no nearer to God, and fell into great misery.

His happiest hours were spent in the great library, where he found not only the learning of the Greeks, of the Romans, and of the Christian fathers, but a Latin copy of the Bible itself. Luther was twenty years old, and this was the first time he had seen a Bible. With delight he read the stories of the Old Testament. His wonder and joy knew no bounds when, in reading the New Testament, he discovered that God is a loving Father, and that Jesus Christ is His express image. To Luther this was a profound discovery. A right life here on earth, and heaven itself was to be attained by believing and obeying God. Penances, pilgrimages, the use of the relics of the saints, solitude, and the life of hermits and monks were not ordained by God nor taught by Christ.

Daily Luther came to the library to study this wonderful Book which made life so simple and beautiful.

Two years later he took priest's orders, and was sent to the University of Wittenberg to

lecture on Divinity, for his learning and eloquence were already making him famous. Here he studied Greek and Hebrew, so as to understand the Bible as it was first written. He gave lectures on the Psalms and the New Testament, so fresh and wonderful, that students came to learn of him from all parts of Europe.

In 1512 Luther was sent on business to Rome. The months spent in Italy by this pious, simple-hearted German opened his eyes to much evil within the Church. Ten years elapsed from the time when he first saw the Bible in the monastery to the time when he first attempted to reform the Church. During those ten years he got to know the word of God and what the Church *ought* to be; and he also learned in Italy how the Pope and cardinals had wandered from the footsteps of Christ and His disciples.

In 1517 John Tetzel, a Dominican friar sent by Pope Leo X., was travelling through Germany, to sell indulgences, or forgiveness of sins, to those willing to pay. This money went to Rome, to help to pay for the building

of the great Cathedral of St. Peter, and the Pope promised forgiveness for all kinds of sins and crimes if people would contribute largely to this fund.

Luther determined to publicly oppose this trade in indulgences; and on All Hallows Eve he fastened upon the church door, where all could read it, a paper, in which he declared all these indulgences to be useless, and the Pope unable to forgive sins.

The university men were delighted at Luther's action; but the rest of Europe were aghast at his boldness.

The Pope was told of Luther's act, and summoned him to Rome to be tried for heresy. The Elector of Saxony, a German prince, protected Luther, and begged that the trial might take place in Germany.

Meanwhile, all the German universities took Luther's side; his books were carried all over Europe, and men of learning turned to him. Neither Pope nor cardinals succeeded in getting hold of Luther, but they condemned him as a heretic, to whom no one was to listen, and demanded that he should be given up to them.

Neither the Elector nor the university would agree to this, and at last it was settled that Luther should go to Worms, on the Rhine, to be tried by the papal authorities in the presence of the Emperor. Luther's friends tried to dissuade him from going, to which he replied, "If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I would still go." For his eyes were open to see God's protecting care. His foes disagreed; and while they were looking for an opportunity of seizing him by force to put him to death, his friend the Elector sent a band of horsemen, who carried him away to the Wartberg, in the forests of Thuringia, and there shut him up far from his enemies.

He lived in that lonely fortress for a whole year, and there he did the great work of his life: he translated the Bible into German, so that it could be read by men and women all through the land.

At the end of a year, when his enemies had given up searching for him, he was allowed to return to the University of Wittenberg.

All the north of Germany, Holland, and

parts of Belgium and England, now read Luther's books; many monks and nuns left their convents and returned to their families; priests also married, and Luther himself married Catherine von Bora, an escaped nun ot noble family. Six children were born, and the old monastic building became now a family home, and resounded with children's voices. For them Luther wrote hymns, fables, and stories; with his lute he led them in singing, for this greatest of the sons of Germany shared the national taste for music. It would have been hard to find a happier home than this of Luther's, for, though outside his enemies were numerous and powerful, and as champion of the reformed faith he was never able to lay down his arms, yet within doors all was tenderness and consideration for wife, children, and servants. He writes thus in one of his letters:

"To the gracious Lady Catherine Luther, my dear wife, who vexes herself overmuch.

"Dear Catherine, you should read St. John, and what is said in the catechism, of confidence

in God. Indeed, you torment yourself, as though He were not Almighty, and could not produce new Doctors Martin by the score, if the old doctor should get drowned in the Saal. There is One who watches over me more effectually than thou canst, or than all the angels. He sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty. Therefore, be calm."

And again, writing to his wife about an old servant, he says:

"We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully, and we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him any other way you can. Think how this money can be raised. There is a silver cup which might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu."

Luther's pleasures were simple. He greatly admired the paintings and carvings of Albert Dürer, and his own books were almost the first to be ornamented by the engraver. He enjoyed a game of skittles and chess, sang with his lute, loved animals and birds, which he used to watch at their nest-building. Of one he writes, "That little fellow has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

To his little son Hans he wrote this pretty letter :

"Grace and peace in Christ to my heartily dear little son. I see gladly that thou learnest well, and prayest earnestly. Do thus, my little son, and go on. When I come home I will bring thee a beautiful fairing. I know a pleasant garden, wherein many children walk. They have little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, and plums. They dance and are

merry, and have also beautiful little ponies, with golden reins and silver saddles. Then I asked whose children those were. The man said, 'These are the children who love to pray, who learn their lessons, and are good.' Then I said, 'Dear man, I also have a little son. He is called Hans Luther. Might he not also come into the garden, that he might eat such apples and pears, and ride on such beautiful little ponies, and play with these children?' Then the man said, 'If he loves to pray, learns his lessons, and is good, he also shall come into the garden. Lippus and Jost also, and when they all come together they also shall have pipes, drums, lutes, and all kinds of music, and shall dance and shoot with little bows and arrows.' And he showed me there a fair meadow in the garden, prepared for dancing. But it was still early in the day; I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'Ah! dear sir, I will go away at once, and write all this to my little son Hans, that he may be sure to pray and to learn well, and be good, that he also may come into this garden. But he has a dear

aunt Lena. He must bring her with him.' Then said the man, 'Let it be so. Go and write him thus' Therefore, my dear little son Hans, learn thy lessons and pray with a cheerful heart, and tell all this to Lippus and Justus too, that they also may learn their lessons and pray. So shall you all come together into this garden. Herewith I commend you to the Almighty God. Greet Aunt Lena, and give her a kiss from me, thy dear father.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

His later years were saddened by the Civil War which broke out in Germany, when the peasants rose in revolt. The nobles accused Luther of being the author of this calamity, and the peasants appealed to him, knowing his sympathy for the poor and oppressed. Worn out by his incessant labours, many disappointments, and the fatigue of travelling, he died, at the age of sixty-three, whilst on a journey.

His body was carried to Wittenberg, where, followed by the princes of Germany and the

learned and the good from many countries, he was interred.

His hymns spread all over Germany; he composed tunes, and also adopted popular songs so as to form a collection of hymns for the Protestants of Germany. Many of these have been translated into English.

"In the years when Luther was composing most of his hymns, four printers in Erfurt alone were entirely occupied in printing and publishing them. . . . They were carried over the country by wandering peasants and pedlars. The whole people," writes a Romanist of that day, "is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine."

The other chief contributors to Luther's Hymn-Book were his friends Melanchthon, Justus Jonas, and Paul Eber. Part of its preface, written by Luther in 1543, runs thus:

> Where friends and comrades sing in tune
> All evil passions vanish soon;
> Hate, anger, envy cannot stay,
> All gloom and heartache melt away,
> The lust of wealth—the cares that cling—
> Are all forgotten, while we sing.

Freely we take our joys herein,
For this sweet pleasure is no sin,
But pleaseth God far more, we know,
Than any joys the world can show.
The devil's work it doth impede,
And hinders many a deadly deed.
So fared it with King Saul of old,
When David struck his harp of gold,
So sweet and clear its tones rang out,
Saul's murdering thoughts were put to rout.

The best time of the year is mine,
When all the little birds combine
To sing, until the earth and air
Are filled with sweet sounds everywhere.
And most the tender nightingale
Makes joyful every wood and dale,
Singing her love song o'er and o'er,
For which we thank her more and more.
But still more thanks are due from us
To the dear Lord who made her thus.
To God she sings by night and day,
Unwearied, praising Him alway.
Him I, too, laud in every song,
To whom all thanks and praise belong.

Original Tune by LUTHER, 1540.



PART I

From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling clothes and manger dark;

There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath His only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child so young and fair?
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.

PART II

Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom even wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed?

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon, Thou King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap;
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song,—

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

MARTIN LUTHER, *written for his little son Hans*, 1540.

TUNE—*Festus.*

O let us all be glad to-day.—LUTHER.

TUNE—*Toronto.*

In the bonds of death he lay.—LUTHER.

TUNE—*Ein' feste Burg.*

A safe stronghold our God is still.—LUTHER.

Great God, what do I see and hear?—RINGWALDT, *contemp. of* LUTHER.

TUNE—*Frankfort.*

As a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more.

If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet Thee upward flies
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove;
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
Then an heir of life on high
Fearless I may live and die.

GERMAN, ANON., 1580.

TUNE—*O Jesu Christ meins Lebens Licht.*

VON JOS. CLAUDERO, 1630.



The happy sunshine all is gone,
The gloomy night comes swiftly on;
But shine Thou still, O Christ our Light,
Nor let us lose ourselves in night.

We thank Thee, Father, that this day
Thy angels watched around our way,
And, free from harm and vexing fear,
Have led us on in safety here.

Lord, have we angered Thee to-day?
Remember not our sins, we pray,
But let Thy mercy o'er them sweep,
And give us calm and restful sleep.

Thy angels guard our sleeping hours,
And keep afar all evil powers;
And Thou all pain and mischief ward
From soul and body, faithful Lord!

N. HERMAN, 1560.

TUNE—*In Dir ist Freude*

G. G. DA CARAVAGGIO, 1591.



In Thee is gladness
Amid all sadness,
Jesus, sunshine of my heart!
By Thee are given
The gifts of heaven;
Thou the true Redeemer art!

Our souls Thou wakest,
Our bonds Thou breakest;
Who trust Thee surely
Hath built securely,
It stands for ever: Hallelujah!

Our hearts are pining
To see Thy shining;
Dying or living
To Thee are cleaving,
Nought can us sever: Hallelujah!

If He is ours
We fear no powers,
Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death;
He sees and blesses
In worst distresses,
He can change them with a breath!

Wherefore the story
Tell of His glory
With heart and voices;
All heaven rejoices
In Him for ever: Hallelujah!

We shout for gladness,
Triumph o'er sadness,
Love Thee and praise Thee,
And still shall raise Thee
Glad hymns for ever: Hallelujah!

LINDEMANN, 1630.

CHAPTER VIII

MARTIN RINKART

MARTIN RINKART was one of the bravest heroes of history. No one of whom we have ever heard was braver than he. The hymn "Now thank we all our God," which he wrote, is to-day sung throughout all Germany by rejoicing families at festivals (the school-children all learn it); in war-time the bands play it after every victory; and the Kaiser himself and his family all join in singing this hymn which the brave Rinkart wrote in the midst of trouble.

Martin's father was a poor coppersmith in Saxony. This country is a fertile province of the great German Empire, with great rivers and beautiful mountains. Deep in these mountains silver and lead and copper ores are dug out, all mixed with the soil. Martin's

father worked at separating the copper from the rock and stones, and smelting it in a furnace, to get the metal pure. In those days wages were poor, and the hours men worked were long. There were few holidays; but still the people had warm clothing, good food, and comfortable cottages to live in until the great war began.

Martin Rinkart went to school in the days before the war; he loved books, and best of all his studies he loved music. He sang the school songs and hymns in a fine, clear voice; he worked hard at his sums and his Latin, and soon his father and mother hoped that, instead of being a poor smith, working among furnaces all his days, he might become a scholar, and perhaps a clergyman.

So after a few years at the school Martin Rinkart said good-bye to his old home at Eilenburg, put his books and clothes into a bundle, cut down a thick stick for his journey, and started for the town and university of Leipzig. Here he arrived, tired, dusty, and footsore, but full of hopes. He sang so beautifully that he was soon employed to lead

one of the Church choirs, and so he got enough to live on, whilst he continued his education, learning Greek and Latin and studying the Bible. He had to work very hard, and his food was not very luxurious; but he was always very happy with his beloved music, and forgot cold and hunger and weariness when he heard the sweet notes of the organ.

Leipzig was a large city with great workshops. Three fairs were held there every year. At these fairs books from all parts of the world and in all languages are bought and sold, and here young Rinkart saw more books than he knew were in the world. He saved up his pence and bought both music and books. Whilst still young he passed all his examinations, and became a clergyman. He still sang so beautifully that he was appointed precentor, as well as clergyman, to the little church of Eisleben, the town so famous right through Germany as being the birthplace of Martin Luther. Here, one hundred years after Luther's death, Martin Rinkart came to live. He worked hard, and so successfully that in a few years' time, when he was just

over thirty years of age, he was appointed archdeacon to the parish of Eilenburg, his native town.

He had left the place a poor scholar, with his few possessions in a bundle; he came back a much-respected clergyman, to live in the parsonage house. This was in the year 1618, the dreadful year when the peace and prosperity of Germany came to an end, and war broke out which lasted for thirty years.

Rinkart's church and people were right in the midst of the district ravaged by this great war. All those thirty years he stayed there and faced the troubles, and helped the people. The German States, Protestant and Roman Catholic, fought against one another, and other countries joined in the struggle, notably Sweden and Spain. Great armies kept crossing the land and eating up all the food, pillaging the shops, the farms, and houses, leaving ruin, want, and desolation in their track. They came to Eilenburg, and stayed for a long time. Rough soldiers were quartered on the villagers, some of them came to Rinkart's house, and carried away his linen, his bedding, and his

cooking utensils, and even his little store of grain. No sooner had this great army marched away from Eilenburg, than a still more terrible blow fell upon the town. The plague broke out, and the people, already worn out, suffered terribly. You have heard that in 1665 this same disease broke out in London and half the population died, though it was not a time of war and famine there. But in Eilenburg the people were already weary, sad, and worn, and they could not hold out against the malady. The town was crowded with poor folk who had fled from the ravages of the brutal soldiery; they crept into barns, out-houses, or any poor lodging they could find—their little village homes having been destroyed—and threw themselves for protection on the citizens of Eilenburg.

And now, to add to their miseries, this awful visitation of the plague fell upon the town. A few black spots and swollen glands announced the presence of the disease, and in a few hours the victim died. In some towns the clergy, doctors, and every able-bodied person ran away; in others the prisons were opened, and

the criminals were allowed to collect the dead in carts and carry away the corpses to be buried in great pits, with no prayers or religious service. But this was not the case at Eilenburg. There were two clergymen besides Rinkart. They both died; and he remained in the city and carried on both their work and his own. All the members of the Town Council died, except three; the poor little school-children died in hundreds. All day long Rinkart went from bed to bed, nursing the sick, cheering and praying for the dying. All through that year he had the same terrible occupation, for eight thousand people died of plague in that town alone. And Rinkart remained in that death-laden atmosphere, at the bedside of the sufferers and in the cemeteries, where he led the service at the burial of four thousand people. In that year of awful distress no seed was sown, no farming carried on; and when the plague ceased from the midst of Eilenburg, famine followed. The bakers' shops were empty, the windmills and watermills stood motionless and silent; the market-place, usually full of stalls, heaped with

vegetables and fruits, etc., was now empty and deserted ; and those who had survived the plague wandered from street to street searching for a morsel of food. Forty people fought for a dead cat or a dead crow, and lived on carrion, like wild beasts. Outside Rinkart's house stood a crowd of people, weeping and beseeching his help. All that he had he gave them ; his own poor children could get no new clothes, and not enough good food, on account of that poor, pitiful crowd outside the door. The mayor of the town and one of the citizens helped Rinkart to send for food from outside the town, and to supply it to the various families. Rinkart's own salary was all used up, and he promised the income of future years in order to get supplies of food for the starving people.

At last the famine year passed, and the people were hoping to sow their seeds and repair their farm buildings, when another great army of soldiers arrived, led by a Swedish general. They stopped at Eilenburg, and refused to move away unless a tribute of 30,000 dollars were paid to them. The people

wept and wrung their hands, and Rinkart promised to go and entreat the general to have pity on them. Followed by a number of citizens, Rinkart went up to the camp, and begged for mercy for the poor, afflicted town. The general refused, and insisted on the 30,000 dollars. Then Rinkart, seeing that it was no use to say more to him, came out from the camp, and joined the waiting crowds outside.

"Come, my children," he cried, "we can find no hearing—no mercy with men. Let us take refuge with God."

They all kneeled down and asked for help from God. The Swedish general then relented, and said he would accept 2,000 florins, instead of the 30,000 dollars which he had demanded. This sum was raised with infinite difficulty, and for a time the town was free from soldiers.

In all these troubles and afflictions Rinkart kept a brave heart and a cheerful spirit; his fine courage kept the people from despair.

Whenever a breathing-space occurred in this long war of thirty years, Rinkart was

ready with a song to inspire his flock with fresh hope and trust in God. Like Job of old, Rinkart could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

And this grand hymn which Rinkart wrote in the latter years of the war is the signal of rejoicing and trust all through Germany, and is always sung at festivals.

A year after the war came to an end, Rinkart died. His work was well and faithfully done; he passed to that country where war and pestilence and famine are unknown, and God wipes away tears from off all faces.

TUNE—*Nun Danket.*

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The one Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

CHAPTER IX

PAUL GERHARDT

THE most popular hymns in the German language, next to Luther's, are those of Paul Gerhardt. They were written during the terrible Thirty Years' War.

Paul Gerhardt was born in 1606, in Saxony. His father was a burgomaster, and from the time that Paul was twelve years of age his home was in the midst of contending armies. Burgomasters, or mayors, in those days had a very difficult position. They were responsible for the safety and welfare of the towns; in times of war, of pestilence, and of famine, the inhabitants all appealed to their burgomaster for protection and for food; he and the town council had to defend them and share with them all the fatigue of sieges and other perils.

Many a time Paul Gerhardt used to wake with the tocsin sounding in his ears, bidding every burgher rise and defend the city; and at the dead of night messengers arrived to take orders how best to repel the enemy. All business and trade were interrupted; all schools were closed; wounds, sickness, famine, misery, and death were all familiar sights to Paul Gerhardt.

During those years in his father's house he wrote many hymns, which he could not hope to publish during the war. When he was forty years of age he secured a situation as private tutor in the family of an advocate, Berthold, at Berlin. Whilst he was there he fell in love with his master's daughter, Anna Maria Berthold; but as he had no home to which to take her, they had to wait for years.

Meanwhile, Gerhardt became a clergyman. He was tall, fair, and full of dignity; and although so poor himself, he could never refuse to give something to a beggar. The towns were full of beggars, for the foreign soldiery had burned down the cottages of the country people, and they had flocked into

the towns, begging their bread from door to door.

When forty-six years of age Paul Gerhardt was presented with a little parish in the forest. He now married, and five or six happy years were spent in the quiet country place, where he published his hymns, which were immediately taken up throughout Germany with the greatest enthusiasm.

We British can scarcely understand the popular excitement in German towns when a new song or tune was introduced. In New Brandenburg a baker's boy sang a lovely new hymn which he had learned; the people crowded round the bake-house, and all were eager to learn it. Similar enthusiasm was seen in Italy five centuries ago, when the artist Cimabué painted a picture of the Baby Jesus in the arms of His Mother. The whole city of Florence was stirred; crowds gathered round the painter's house, and followed the picture as it was carried through the streets to the church. The Florentines were so pleased with and proud of their fellow-townsman and his picture that they formed a

procession through the streets, with music playing, and the magistrates in their robes of office leading the way, to see the picture finally established on the church wall, whilst all the people in the streets shouted for joy. As painting in Italy, so was music in Germany—a popular passion.

Paul Gerhardt's hymns made him famous, and he was invited to become the pastor of the great Church of St. Nicholas, at Berlin.

The happy, quiet years of the forest were over. He settled in the big city, and immediately became popular. Crowds attended St. Nicholas', when he preached, and numbers came to consult him and to get his advice.

In his prosperity Gerhardt was still eager to help the poor. He took several orphan children and their widowed mothers into his family, and supported them entirely. Family sorrows now fell upon him. Three of his children died; only two remained—his daughter and a little delicate boy.

Paul Gerhardt had a warm heart and a tender conscience, and thus was bound to suffer in those rough, cruel times. In Berlin,

as in other places, the Lutherans and the Calvinists were condemning each other ; instead of helping men to find God and to live right lives, they obscured the right way by their controversies. Frederick William I., the Grand Elector of Prussia, determined to stop this strife, and required the pastors throughout Prussia to sign a document, promising to abstain from all controversy, on pain of being turned out of their parishes. The Elector of Prussia was a good man and meant well, for if he could have stopped the bitterness within the Church, he would have advanced the coming of God's kingdom ; but high-handed measures, however well intended, seldom do the Church any good.

The Berlin pastors met around Gerhardt's bed, for he was ill, and there solemnly insisted on perfect liberty of preaching. As a result, Gerhardt and his friends all received notice to quit.

The people of Berlin were very angry at losing their favourite preacher ; but as Paul Gerhardt could agree to no compromise, he was forced to leave.

He went forth homeless, accompanied by his family. At the little country inn which they reached in the evening, Gerhardt left his wife and children, and went into the woods to pray. Here he remembered the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord—trust also in Him." So comforted was he that there, out under the trees, he composed this hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears."

On coming in, he repeated it to his wife. A few moments later a loud knock was heard at the door. It was a messenger on horseback from Duke Christian of Merseburg, carrying a letter. Gerhardt opened it, and found an invitation to "Church, people, home, livelihood, and liberty to preach the gospel as your heart may prompt you."

Thankful to God and man, Gerhardt journeyed forward to Lübben, where he became archdeacon.

Here the last seven years of his life were spent, and here his wife died, after a long and painful illness. His tenderest and most pathetic poem is on the death of his little son.

To the end of his life Gerhardt was able to

comfort the sorrowful and inspire with courage those who were suffering for the sake of liberty and truth. His "Song of Joy" at Christmas dawn is "the most comforting carol ever written," and is the product of a life of suffering. As he lay dying at Lübben, the last words he was heard to say were, "Us, no Death hath power to kill. . ."

TUNE—*Hull*

Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
In all the gifts of God's great might,
These pleasant summer hours:
Look how the plains for thee and me
Have decked themselves most fair to see,
All bright and sweet with flowers.

The trees stand thick and dark with leaves,
And earth o'er all her dust now weaves
A robe of living green;
Nor silks of Solomon compare
With glories that the tulips wear,
Or lilies' spotless sheen.

The lark soars singing into space,
The dove forsakes her hiding-place,
And coos the woods among;
The richly gifted nightingale
Pours forth her voice o'er hill and dale,
And floods the fields with song.

Here with her brood the hen doth walk,
There builds and guards his nest the stork,
The fleet-winged swallows pass;
The swift stag leaves his rocky home,
And down the light deer bounding come
To taste the long rich grass.

Thy mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest:
I, too, must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring,
The highest loveth best.

The brooks rush gurgling through the sand,
And from the trees on either hand,
Cool shadows o'er them fall;
The meadows at their side are glad
With herds; and hark! the shepherd-lad
Sends forth his mirthful call.

What thrilling joy when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
Where all the air is sweet,
Still laden with the unwearied hymn,
From all the thousand seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat!

O set me, Lord, in paradise
When I have bloomed beneath these skies
Till my last leaf is flown;
Thus let me serve Thee here in time,
And after, in that happier clime,
And Thee, my God, alone!

SONG OF JOY AT CHRISTMAS DAWN.

TUNE—*All my heart.*

J. G. EBELING, 1620-1672.



All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
Christ is born, their choirs are singing,
Till the air Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, Doth entreat,
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come from all doth grieve you;
You are freed; All you need,
I will surely give you.

Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star, That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin, Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling,
Help is near, One is here,
Mighty for their healing!

Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know His will, Is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget All regret,
Fill you hearts with treasure.

Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, And with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, In the joy
That can alter never.

Commit thou all thy griefs.

Give to the winds thy fears

Cometh sunshine after rain

GERHARDT

CHAPTER X

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, OR ANGELUS

JOHANN SCHEFFLER is known to us by two names. The first half of his life, whilst a physician and a controversialist, he was known as Scheffler, but his hymns he signed "Angelus"; and it is by the latter name he is known throughout Germany.

Scheffler was the author of many exceedingly popular hymns. He was born at Breslau—a city in the east of the German Empire—where he received a good education. He then went to a university, and afterwards to Amsterdam, where he studied medicine and theology, and became acquainted with the men of learning in that city. Books were rare and expensive in those days, and Scheffler had the good fortune to acquire a large library,

which was bequeathed to him by one who knew how much he prized books. On leaving Amsterdam he was appointed Court Physician to the Duke of Württemberg-Öls, a pillar of the Lutheran Church A court physician in the seventeenth century was a very different personage to the leading doctors of our day. Nowadays court physicians, though consulted by royalties, attending them, and prescribing for them, live an independent life, in their own homes, and brook no interference. It was not so then. The court physician lived at court, where he was a member of the household, and had to conform to the fashions of the day. Before the discovery of the circulation of the blood, medicine was largely a matter of quackery; and to use the remedies of the day was worse than to be left to the malady. The poor, who could not afford a doctor, but were left to nature, had the best chance of recovery. Undoubtedly, however, all doctors were not quacks. Charles IX. of France had a skilled physician, a Huguenot, who only retained his position by his success in alleviating pain; but, as a rule, surgery

consisted in bleeding, cupping, blistering, burning with hot irons, and other painful practices. It is true the doctors also cultivated healing herbs, studied their properties, and thus made valuable discoveries. They themselves prepared ointments, plaisters, pills, and potions; and each great household had its herb garden, its crucibles, its gallipots and braziers.

Scheffler was not happy in his vocation. Nor was the Duke's Lutheran household congenial to him. It was the fashion in those days for men who had any pretence to learning to spend their time smelling out heresy—Calvinists against Lutherans, Lutherans against Calvinists, and both Churches against the Church of Rome. This was happening, not only in the court of the Duke of Württemberg-Ols, but it was the same in the French court, amongst the Huguenots, and within the Roman Church itself, where Jesuit condemned Jansenist, and Dominican hated Franciscan.

Scheffler was young and hasty in his conclusions; the artificial court life and its eternal

controversies were embittering his soul; he longed to hear no more of the differences between Lutheran and Calvinist; so he left the ducal court, became a member of the Roman Church, and a private physician to the Catholic Emperor Ferdinand III.

But there also life did not prove satisfactory. He had but changed one controversial atmosphere for another. In his perplexity and irritation he was attracted to the quiet of a cloister. There, he believed, he should find repose for his soul, and there nothing would come between him and God.

Christ's sheep are not all found in one fold. Sometimes, greatly troubled which flock to join, they waste their strength, and get many a tare, escaping from one fold and climbing, not without tears, into another which they think is nearer to Him; but all the time, wherever they are, Christ knows them for His.

Scheffler, in despair of serving God at the imperial court, entered the Order of the Jesuits, amongst whom he spent the last twenty years of his life. Did he remember

that the author of St. Luke's Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles was a physician and a traveller in the most corrupt empire the world has ever known? To Scheffler the high religious life to which he aspired seemed impossible outside the cloister; yet throughout his life, even when bitterest conflicts were raging, he was writing beautiful hymns, many of which bear witness to the mental strife through which he passed, and the longing for the peace of heaven.

He signed his hymns "Angelus." Perhaps he felt, during those quiet moments when he could shut out the discords of life, that he was in the company of angels and could bear their message to men.

TUNE—*Bremen.*

O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.



Nothing fair on earth I see
But I straightway think on Thee;
Thou art fairest in mine eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies!

On Thy light I think at morn,
With the earliest break of dawn;
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all eternity!

When I watch the moon arise
Mid heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I cry, in spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be!

When along the brook I wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to Thee, the purest fount.

Sweetly all the air is stirred
When the echoes' call is heard;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Beloved's voice.

Take away, then, what could blind
Unto Thee my soul and mind;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee, Saviour, as Thou art!

O God of good, the unfathomed sea,
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower.

CHAPTER XI

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, THE WEAVER

HYMN-WRITERS have belonged to all classes: princesses, dukes, bishops, doctors, monks, and shoemakers—all have contributed their best thoughts to the praise of God.

In 1697 was born the poet Gerhard Tersteegen, the son of a tradesman, in a small town near the Rhine. His family were all tradesfolk and shopkeepers, and they intended to put him into their business. He was sent to a grammar school for a while, and then apprenticed to his elder brother, a prosperous shopkeeper at Mülheim, another town near the Rhine.

Young Tersteegen was a delicate, scrupulous, conscientious boy. While an apprentice at his brother's shop, he got to know a tradesman,

a serious, good man, who studied the Bible and loved God. On Sundays, and occasionally on holidays, he and his friend got together and talked of the things of God, and Tersteegen then found out God's love to him, and determined to spend his life in His service.

The hours of apprenticeship were long; the boys rose early in the morning, and it was late before they could put up the shutters and close the premises, and get to their own quarters. Tersteegen served his brother faithfully during the day; at night he often stayed praying till very late, his heart was so full of love and the desire to serve God.

When his time was up as an apprentice, he determined not to be a shopkeeper, but to leave the family business, and to earn his living as a silk-weaver, in a little cottage outside the town, in order that he might have a quiet life, and serve God in his own way, writing hymns and studying.

Weaving nowadays is done in large factories by huge machinery; but in those days linen and silk were woven on hand-looms

in cottages, and many men spent a solitary existence bending over their machines.

Shopkeepers disliked, and stout country folk despised, the weavers. They were pallid, undersized men, with bent shoulders from constant stooping over their work; the village dogs barked as they passed with heavy bags slung over their shoulders. Ignorant villagers thought them queer and uncanny; they were not able to join in the sports at fairs, and, living thus apart from others, their manners became strange and eccentric.

The Tersteegen family were angry at Gerhard's deciding to be a weaver, and warned him that, if he persisted, they would never visit him, nor own him as their relative. He held to his decision, however, and took a small cottage, with a loom, outside the town of Mülheim; and though his health was very infirm, and he often suffered much, and needed nursing, neither sister nor brother would come near him to do anything for him. He had to work at the loom ten hours a day in order to earn a living. Two hours he spent in prayer. His food was milk, water, and oat-

meal. He paid a little girl to come each morning to wind off his silk; but except for this child, he saw no one all day.

Such a life is not healthy. We all feel the need of fresh breezes and cheerful intercourse with other people to keep us strong and sane. God never meant us to live alone. Still, Tersteegen was contented with his life, and happy in its quiet, until a great affliction came upon him. Though still well enough to weave silk and attend on himself, he lost all happiness, and his mind was darkened and full of misery and doubt; this terrible trial, which was worse to bear than a broken limb, or, indeed, any bodily ailment, lasted for five years, during which time poor Tersteegen could not receive God's comfort, but drearily looked up, exclaiming, "Is there any God?"

Great and good men in all ages have been liable to such suffering. Elijah the prophet was weary of his life, after being hunted from place to place by Queen Jezebel, and lay in despair by the juniper-tree. John the Baptist, in Herod's dungeon, shut out from the light and work and cheerful, inspiring life on

Jordan's bank, was attacked by doubt. Luther and many others have suffered in a similar manner.

But at last, after five years, as Tersteegen was making a journey to another town, to sell his wares and renew his supply of silk, this terrible darkness left him, and rolled away. He knew Christ his Saviour, and such a flood of joy and blessedness flowed through his mind that he was ready to sing.

He now altered somewhat his way of living. Henry Somner, another weaver, came to live with him. Together they worked hard, and now Tersteegen found that he could help the poor and perplexed as never before. Crowds of persons came to see him, to be advised in all sorts of difficulties; sick folk came, and as Tersteegen had been gathering herbs as he walked with the bag on his shoulders, he began to doctor the sick people with simple medicines. But it was to the people who were distressed in mind that he was the most useful. He always understood them, and had marvellous power of just saying the right thing.

Some rich friends then visited him, and

begged him to leave off spinning and give all his time to the poor. He could not agree to this at first, as he did not wish to be dependent. But after a while he consented to this arrangement. His rich friends gave him a small income, and he devoted the whole of his time to the afflicted. He turned his cottage into a dispensary, and mixed drugs. He engaged an assistant to help him, and held meetings for those who cared to come. His visitors travelled immense distances—Dutch, Swedes, Swiss, and even English people came to get his advice. Twenty or thirty persons were nearly always outside his cottage, waiting for an interview.

This was, indeed, a changed life for the man who chose to be a weaver that he might live alone. This public life was not to his taste; but, knowing it to be his duty, he used to say, "I love most to be with the Father, but I am glad to be with the children."

The clergy thought him queer and dangerous; but after coming to see him they never interfered with, or said a word against, him, seeing the work he was doing.

In this life of doctoring men's bodies and souls he continued until he was sixty-one years old, when he had such a severe illness that he was unable to travel or to visit the sick in their own homes, or even to speak at a meeting.

But still he wrote hymns and letters, and was able to see people one by one in his cottage. Thus he continued till his death, which occurred thirteen years later.

During his lifetime his hymns became very popular in Germany, and they were afterwards translated into English by Wesley and others.

No man ever lived more entirely "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate" than did Tersteegen, the weaver and hymn-writer.

TUNES—*Luther's Chant; Melcombe.*

Dear soul, couldst thou become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
Then God Himself were ever near,
And paradise around thee here.

No questions dark his spirit vex,
No faithless doubts his soul perplex,
Simply from day to day he lives,
Content with what the present gives.

Spirit of childhood! loved of God,
By Jesu's Spirit now bestowed;
How often have I longed for Thee!
O Jesus, form Thyself in me!

And help me to become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
That I may find God always near,
And paradise around me here.

TUNES—*Angelus; Rivaulx.*

O Jesus, Lord of majesty!
O glorious King, eternal Son!
In mercy bend Thou down to me,
As now I cast me at Thy throne.

How oft my heart against my will
Is torn, and, tossing to and fro,
I cannot, as I would, fulfil
The good that yet I love and know.

I practise me in self-control,
Yet rest and calm in vain pursue;
Self-will is rooted in my soul,
And thwarts me still, whate'er I do.

Oh, take this heart, that I would give
For ever to be all Thine own;
I to myself no more would live;
Come, Lord, be Thou my King alone.

Yes, take my heart and in it rule,
Direct it as it pleases Thee;
I will be silent in Thy school,
And learn whate'er Thou teachest me.

And then within the heart abide
That Thou hast cleansed to be Thy throne;
A look from Thee shall be my guide,
I watch but till Thy will is known.

Yes, make me Thine,—though I am weak,
Thy service makes us strong and free;
My Lord and King, Thy face I seek,
For ever keep me true to Thee.

Come, children, let us go.

Thou fairest Child divine.

CHAPTER XII

GEORGE HERBERT

GEORGE HERBERT was born at Montgomery Castle in 1593. He came of an illustrious family, prominent in the service of the country, and was related to the Earl of Pembroke. He had six brothers and three sisters; his father died when George was only four years old. Under the care of his mother—a wise, good woman, of wide education and great dignity—"his childhood passed in a sweet content."

At twelve years of age he was sent to Westminster School, where the "beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed cut out for piety and to become the care of heaven and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him." He learned

languages with facility, and excelled in Greek. When fifteen years old he was elected King's Scholar to King's College, Cambridge.

He was not so strong as other boys, and did not do much in field sports. His chief diversion was music, and he also wrote verses in the style of the gallants of the court of Queen Elizabeth and of James I.

He took the degrees of B.A. and M.A., and was elected Orator to the University. When seventeen years old he wrote a poem to his mother as a New Year's gift. As orator he had to welcome King James on his visits to Newmarket, Royston, and Cambridge. He learnt to speak Italian, French, and Spanish, hoping to become a court secretary or ambassador, for his ambitions were for court life.

King James had spoken words of encouragement to him, and under Charles I. he hoped to get an appointment either at home or in a foreign court. This was not his mother's wish. She hoped he would serve God in the Church.

His health, never very robust, broke down during his long residence at Cambridge—then quite undrained and surrounded with fen. The

vapour rising from the undrained marshes was a fruitful source of fever, and before he was seventeen years old George Herbert had already suffered from several attacks of ague. It was impossible to recover at Cambridge, so he removed for change of air to London, and afterwards went down into Kent.

Here he long debated with himself whether to go to court or to enter the ministry of the Church, "for ambitious desire and the outward glory of the world are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar." He studied the Bible and the writings of holy men. Becoming a clergyman, he was appointed to a village in the diocese of Lincoln, where the church had been falling into ruin for twenty years, and the congregation had ceased to meet there.

His mother, realising the task that lay before her son, sent for him to persuade him to give up the appointment, saying, "I send for you to persuade you to give back the prebend to your patron; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." He took a day to consider

the matter, and then told his mother he had made a vow to God to rebuild that church. His mother then helped him by a donation, and also undertook to beg of the Earl of Pembroke, who afterwards gave a hundred pounds.

The church was rebuilt, but George Herbert was again so ill with sharp fits of ague which now returned daily, and recovery not being possible in that marshy district he moved to Woodford, in Essex, to the house of his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, where he remained twelve months, drinking nothing but water, and eating no meat, unless it was salted.

The ague disappeared, but weakness of body, caused by this diet, so increased that he was obliged to go into Wiltshire, where he recovered both health and spirits.

He was very tall and thin, had the bearing of a gentleman, and the education of a man of learning.

Here he married Jane Danvers, who fell in love with him at first sight, and "changed her name into Herbert the third day after the first interview." This marriage turned out happily for both.

Three months later the parish of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, was offered to him. He hesitated for a month as to his fitness for the care of so many souls. He fasted and prayed for guidance, and consulted with Laud, then Bishop of London. Finally Herbert and his wife took possession of Bemerton parsonage, a mile from Salisbury. He never repented of his choice.

The life and duties of a country parson filled him with satisfaction, and his poems, hymns, and other writings all breathe his joyful devotion. He had hardly three more years to live, but no time was wasted. Twice a day his neighbours joined with his family in prayer at ten and at four o'clock, and the ploughmen stopped in the furrow when they heard the church bell, and joined their prayers to his. He loved the people, and helped them body and soul. His garden grew healing herbs for their maladies; his table was open to those who chose to come.

His one recreation was music, and twice a week he walked into Salisbury to the cathedral, "his heaven upon earth." After

the service there, he joined some friends at a private music-meeting, where he sang and played his lute or viol.

In his walks to Salisbury he talked with those he met, and several gentlemen loved to remember his helpful conversation.

One day he met a poor man with a miserable horse that had fallen under his heavy load; and as both were in distress, Herbert took off his coat and unloaded the horse and helped it up and reloaded it, and then gave refreshment to man and beast. His musical friends wondered at his lateness, and then at his arriving so unlike himself, for, instead of being trim and neat, his clothes were soiled, and he was heated. When he explained the circumstances, one of the company put scorn upon him for having thus demeaned himself; to which he replied that the thought of what he had done would "prove music to him at midnight," and had he not done it he would have been unhappy every time he passed that way. "And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without

comforting a sad soul or showing mercy. . . . And now let's tune our instruments."

In less than three years consumption, or malarial fever, had made such rapid progress that Herbert was quite laid aside, and could no longer take any service or leave his room. The Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his bed, called for one of his instruments, and, having tuned it, he played and sang:

> The Sundays of man's life,
> Threaded together on Time's string,
> Make bracelets to adorn the wife
> Of the eternal, glorious King;
> On Sundays, Heaven's door stands ope—
> Blessings are plentiful and rife,
> More plentiful than hope.

Izaak Walton, his biographer, says of him, "George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish, if God shall be so pleased, that I may be so happy as to die like him."

His poems are quaint; very few are of a suitable metre for singing. The "Elixir," however, is an exception. The old alchemists spent their time searching for "the Philosopher's Stone," which, they believed, could they find it, would transmute all the baser metals

into gold. Herbert borrows their idea in this hymn, and says the Elixir is "for Thy sake."

THE ELIXIR; OR, PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

TUNES—*St. Bride; Franconia.*

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, "For Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

TUNE—*Herbert.*

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all my heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Father with the Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
One everlasting Lord,
Be evermore adored!
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

CHAPTER XIII

BISHOP KEN

WE all know the morning and evening hymns of Bishop Ken, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." Wherever the English tongue is spoken, these two hymns are sung. Throughout North America, Australia, New Zealand, and our own British Isles, they are familiar to us all.

When Ken wrote them, he never thought how many millions would love and sing them. He wrote them for the use of the boys in Winchester College.

Thomas Ken was born at Berkhampstead in 1637, when Charles I. was king in England. His parents died when he was a little boy; and his brother-in-law, the famous Izaak Walton, who had married his sister, Ann

Ken, brought him up. In their home Thomas Ken learnt to care for and respect good men and good books, to love and cherish the Church of England. On holidays Izaak Walton would take Ken with him on the banks of the stream, and there, in the shadows of the alder-trees, they watched and angled for the spotted trout.

So passed the happiest days in Ken's childhood.

While still very young he was sent to Winchester College, where he was put to learn his Latin and Greek grammars, mathematics, and music.

From Winchester he passed on to Oxford, where his singing and lute-playing brought him into a regular musical set. He took his degree, and was a tutor until, when he was twenty-five years of age, he became a clergyman, and for several years worked in small country parishes in Essex and in the Isle of Wight.

Then he was sent to Winchester as prebendary of that glorious cathedral, where it was his duty to preach. As Fellow of Win-

chester College he gave much of his time to the boys in his old school. He warned them against laziness and all manner of idleness, whether of the body or mind, and besought them to jump out of bed as soon as they woke, and immediately to sing a hymn to God, then to pray, and thus prepare for the day's work.

In a book published in 1674, for the use of Winchester scholars, Ken writes thus: "Be sure to sing the morning hymn and evening hymn in your chamber devoutly, remembering that the Psalmist assures us that it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord *early* in the morning, and of His truth in the *night* season."

Ken practised as he preached, for, on waking, he rose at once from his bed, seized his lute, and sang his hymn, thus, "dressing his soul as well as his body." He also wrote the hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," for the boys to sing on going to bed, and another hymn for midnight, should they lie awake. This, however, is less known, for boys are good sleepers.

Ken's hymns, and his faithful work in Winchester, were heard of in London. He was appointed chaplain to the court of Charles II. This monarch, though careless, frivolous, and immoral, respected Ken, and on Sundays, at Whitehall, preferred to "go and hear Ken tell me my faults," than listen to the flatteries of those who shut their eyes to flagrant evil, and talked smooth commonplaces.

After a short time in London Ken was sent to Holland to the Hague, to attend the English Princess Mary, who had just married William, Prince of Orange (afterwards our William III.). Mary was a bright, lively girl of sixteen; her husband a grave, soldierly man many years older. The court ladies were several of them English. It was to this little flock in a foreign court that Ken now devoted his teaching. One ot the young English ladies was cruelly treated by one of the court gentlemen, nearly related to William of Orange. Ken reproved him, and appealed to William on behalf of the English girl. This caused so much commotion at court, and

William refusing to interfere, Ken felt it best to give up his position there, although he greatly regretted to leave the Princess Mary, for whom he always had a deep feeling of respect.

As chaplain of the court, his duties were sometimes at Whitehall, and sometimes he was able to return to his beloved Winchester.

Afterwards Ken was sent, as Chaplain to the Fleet, to accompany the English ships to Tangier, on the coast of North Africa. Here Moorish pirates had carried off scores of English ships and their crews, whom they kept as slaves in order to secure heavy ransoms.

Whilst the English sailors fought the Moorish pirates and rescued their slaves, Ken lived amongst them, and his sweet songs with the lute and his lively preaching made him very popular with all on board. When his Majesty's flag-ship returned to England, Ken went back to Winchester, and, shortly afterwards, Charles II. and his court came on a visit there. It was difficult to find quarters in Winchester for all the King's suite ; for besides

the necessary court officials and gentlemen-in-waiting, Charles had a number of unworthy favourites, men and women of bad character, whose company pleased him, and without whom he refused to travel. So when the court was coming to Winchester, Ken was commanded to open his house to entertain some of this wicked company. He stoutly refused, and barred the door against them.

Charles had too much sense to resent Ken's action, and shortly afterwards, when the bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant, and a new bishop had to be chosen, Charles said, "Where is the good little man that refused his lodgings to Nell Gwynne? He, and no other, shall be the bishop." Ken came up to Lambeth to be consecrated bishop, and almost immediately afterwards heard that the King was dangerously ill at Whitehall. Straight to the royal bedside went Ken, and there besought the King to repent of his wickedness, to send for the Queen and entreat her forgiveness, and to confess and forsake his sins. For three nights Ken never left the King; the Queen came, and there

was a reconciliation. Charles was in such torture from the remedies applied by the court physicians that he was hardly in a state to understand and profit by Ken's wise and faithful words.

After the death of Charles II., his brother, James, Duke of York, came to the throne. He was most unpopular, for he was a cruel, unscrupulous man; also, he was a Roman Catholic.

Very soon after his accession to the throne a great insurrection broke out in the south-west of England. The Duke of Monmouth, knowing that James was hated by the people, raised the standard of revolt; thousands of weavers, labourers, and colliers marched to join him, to make him king. Taunton and Wells, and other places in Ken's diocese, were centres of rebellion. The King's troops came down, and the great battle of Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, was fought. Monmouth was taken prisoner, and sent to the Tower; his army was cut to pieces, and Judge Jeffreys was sent into Somersetshire to deal with the prisoners. Ken was sent to London to attend

Monmouth in the Tower, and accompanied him to the scaffold, preaching repentance.

After the execution Ken got back to his diocese in Somersetshire, and there found a reign of terror. Jeffreys, the hanging judge, was going from town to town, condemning in fury the poor, misled country folk. Gallows were erected in almost every village, and men, women, and even young children, were hanged. Those who had sheltered rebels were condemned either to death or to life-long penal servitude on the plantations in the West Indies. Ken appealed to King James to stop this cruel assize, and to deal leniently with the poor and ignorant population. But no! the King not only approved, but rewarded Jeffreys for his "faithful service" in the west country. Ken visited the jails, the wounded, the sick, the homeless, and the dying, and daily fed twenty-five starving people in his own house at Wells. All his income went in thus providing for his poor flock, and his heart was torn with the misery and horrors surrounding him.

Saddened by all this weight of suffering, he

again had to travel to Lambeth, where the bishops had to consider the King's action with regard to the English Church. James II. insisted that all the bishops and clergy should publish from their pulpits the next two Sundays his "Declaration of Indulgence," on pain of forfeiting their livings. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol, Bishop Ken, and four other bishops absolutely refused to obey the King in this matter. On the following Sundays hundreds of clergymen throughout the country refused to read the royal declaration. The few who obeyed the King were hissed and hustled by the congregations who flocked in thousands to the churches. John Wesley's father, then a curate in London, preached from the text, "Be it known unto thee, O King, we will not serve thy gods."

James II. was furious at this rebellion of the Church. He decided to send the seven bishops as prisoners to the Tower, whilst he consulted with Judge Jeffreys and others how best to punish them and to strike terror into the Church.

On June 8, 1688, the seven bishops entered a barge on the Thames and were conveyed to the Tower. The indignation of the people knew no bounds; a thousand boats, wherries, and barges, crowded with people, attended the bishops along the river to the Tower, weeping and begging for their prayers.

On arriving at the Tower the soldiers on guard fell on their knees, and prayed the seven bishops to bless them, as they passed within the portals of that gloomy prison so full of tragedy and horror.

Judge Jeffreys now suggested that the bishops should be fastened to the back of a cart, and flogged publicly along the streets, from Tower Hill to Tyburn; but his advice was rejected, and a jury was chosen by the court to try the bishops, and was admonished to be sure to find them guilty.

Meanwhile, all England was aflame with anger. Even in remote Cornwall, where the bishop, Sir John Trelawny, was a great favourite, the miners and labourers forsook their work, and started towards London, singing as they went,

And shall Trelawny die?
Then thirty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why! (*Hawker of Morwenstow.*)

The Puritans, Nonconformists, and Independents now sided with the brave bishops, and from their chapel pulpits praised their heroic conduct and prayed for their safe release.

The jurymen were in a difficulty. One of them—a brewer—said, "If I acquit the bishops, I shall brew no more for the King and court; if I condemn them, I shall brew no more for anyone else." Fear of the King's displeasure was outweighed by fear of the popular fury; so, after many hours' consultation, the jury gave their verdict in favour of the bishops. They were acquitted and free to go to their own homes.

Ken now returned to his diocese and to the city of Bath, where invalids from all parts of England came to drink the waters and use the medicinal baths. Here he devoted himself to the sick people, preached to them, and taught them to pray, that whilst they sought recovery and health for their bodies they might become clean of heart and life also.

Somerset was a sorry county to live in for many a year after the visit of Judge Jeffreys. Besides those who had perished at Sedgemoor and on the gallows, eight hundred persons had been transported to slavery beyond the seas.

At last the wicked reign of James II. came to an end, and hope dawned in many hearts with the arrival of William and Mary, who brought in measures of freedom and tolerance unknown under the preceding Stuarts. But Ken was weary of courts and the dark side of life. He had had enough of royal masters; and as he would not swear allegiance to the new king, he retired from his bishopric, and settled at Longleat, in Somerset, the loved and honoured guest of Lord Weymouth. Here in peace and retirement he waited, until the end came in 1711.

He was buried under the east window of the chancel of Frome Church, just as the sun was rising, while those around sang his hymn, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun."

The English Church had produced no greater man than this fearless, faithful, generous

Bishop Ken, whose three great hymns are a heritage to all Englishmen.

TUNE—*Morning Hymn.*

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talent to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

TUNES—*Eisenach; Holland,*

Glory to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made;
An immense ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

Oh may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand!
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight:
My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great Name!

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Glory to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare!

CHAPTER XIV

RICHARD BAXTER AND SAMUEL CROSSMAN

RICHARD BAXTER

THE life of Richard Baxter is almost co-equal with that of the Stuart dynasty; and as we read the circumstances of his life, we see a reflection of the history of England during that period.

Baxter was born during the reign of James I., and died two years after the arrival of William and Mary. He witnessed the long struggle for liberty, the tyranny of kings, the Civil War, the Puritan triumph under Cromwell, the restoration of the monarchy under Charles II., and the hideous orgy of vice which it inaugurated. The evil times form a sombre background whence heroic figures stand out in high relief, for amongst these contemporaries of Baxter were George Herbert, John

Bunyan, Bishop Ken, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, John Howe, and Alleine of the "Alarm."

During the childhood of Baxter the Pilgrim Fathers founded the States of New England, and the great Puritan exodus was going on for ten years.

Baxter was born in Shropshire, was brought up by his grandfather, and his education was very desultory. Private tutors were engaged, and the chaplain at Ludlow undertook to instruct him; but he became a great scholar by means of his own unremitting study, rather than by the aid of his tutors.

At eighteen years of age he was sent to the court at Whitehall; but at the end of a month returned, "glad to be gone."

He was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester, and after labouring as schoolmaster and clergyman in different places he preached to the garrison at Coventry. After the Battle of Naseby he became a chaplain in Cromwell's army, and was present at the sieges of Bridgwater, Bristol, Exeter, and Worcester.

During an illness which followed, he wrote *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, his greatest work.

His health was never satisfactory. Even as a youth he was greatly hindered by bodily ailments, and every year of his life he appears to have suffered increasingly. We think of him as an austere figure, indifferent alike to the joys and discomforts of life, pale and sickly, but ready at all times to write learned and controversial treatises, and to agonise over sinners in never-ending sermons.

Yet romance had its part in the life of this strenuous soul. Margaret Charlton, a young lady of a Shropshire county family, brought up amid the comforts and refinements of life, attended, with her mother, Baxter's church in Kidderminster. To her his sermons were never too long; at first he was the hero of her girlish worship; then the pastor of her awakening soul; and lastly, she loved and married him, and became his devoted helper during the nineteen years of their married life, happy to share the hardness of his lot.

After Baxter left the Established Church and became a Presbyterian preacher, he and his wife lived in small lodgings, sometimes

in jails, never in the comfort to which she had been accustomed. Yet Margaret Baxter kept the little home clean and dainty, whatever the surroundings; and in the account which Baxter wrote after her death, he says, "Her household affairs she ordered with so much skill and decency, as that others much praised that which I was no fit judge of. I had been bred among plain, poor people, and I thought that so much washing of stairs and rooms to keep them as clean as their trenchers and dishes, so much ado about cleanliness and trifles, was a sinful expense of time."

Baxter was not alone in his dislike of household ablutions. How many a man groans and protests at the annual spring-cleaning, as the very head and front of domestic offending!

Though so careful of details, Margaret Baxter was as great-hearted as her famous husband. When the bishopric of Hereford was offered to Baxter by Charles II., it was by her wish, as well as by his, that he refused it. They both were convinced in their own minds that they could serve God best as Presbyterians, whereas a bishopric to them was

a doubtful thing. Both husband and wife chose the strait and thorny road, though it led away from palaces, through poverty and hardship, to prisons and suffering.

Baxter's poetic faculty was stirred into activity during his long engagement to Margaret Charlton; and after her death it was a comfort to him to write poems and hymns, which are all coloured by the atmosphere in which they were written.

The Five Mile Act, which forbade Nonconformist ministers to preach or live within five miles of their former congregations, entailed great suffering on men like Baxter. They were rendered homeless, and, when not in jail, wandered from town to town, seeking a refuge and an audience among strangers.

Four years after the death of his wife Baxter was seized and brought before Judge Jeffreys, charged with sedition in his writings. There was no foundation in the charge, yet Jeffreys (never so happy as when insulting innocence or defaming virtue) treated Baxter brutally, called him a dog, and swore "it would be no more than justice to whip such

a villain through the city." This last threat was not carried into effect; but Baxter lay in King's Bench prison for eighteen months, until at last he was released through Lord Powis.

In spite of this harried life, in spite of the rancour of his enemies and the scorn of the extremists and Quakers, in spite of constant ill-health, a sickly presence, and the ministrations of thirty-six doctors, Baxter accomplished much. He was the most renowned preacher of his day. In Westminster Abbey Baxter preached to both Houses of Parliament on the "vain religion of the formal hypocrite"; and though, to our modern ears, it hardly sounds an attractive subject, in those days men were content to sit between two and three hours listening to such preachers as Baxter and Howe.

Baxter wrote a hundred and sixty-seven books and treatises and a few sweet hymns, two of which are given below.

He died in 1691, in London, and his funeral sermon was preached by the saintly John Howe, the most famous preacher of the time.

TUNES—*Gopsal; Dudley.*

Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
Take what He gives;
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise!

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I live or die.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN

The two hymns selected from the writings of Samuel Crossman are so beautiful that one's curiosity is stirred to know something of the man who wrote them. Little, however, can be learnt. He lived in the stormy period of English history during the reigns of the Charleses and the Commonwealth. He was the

son of a Suffolk clergyman, went to Cambridge, took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and afterwards became Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral, where he preached on two days of public humiliation for the "execrable murder" of King Charles I.! In Bristol also he was called to preach to the gentlemen of the Artillery Company.

A little later he became Dean of Bristol, but did not live long in his new office, for he died at the age of fifty-nine, a few weeks after his appointment to the deanery, and was buried in the south aisle of the cathedral.

But it was not in Bristol only that Samuel Crossman was known. He preached before the Lord Mayor of London at St. Mildred's, in the Poultry, and wrote and published two books, *The Young Man's Monitor* and *The Young Man's Meditation.*

Samuel Crossman lived at the same time as George Herbert, of whose quaint and holy verses he sometimes reminds us. Another of his famous contemporaries in the west of England was Richard Baxter, of Kidderminster; and though he and Crossman were on opposite

sides in the fierce strife which rent all English society in those days, their best thoughts were in harmony.

TUNE—*Safe Home.*

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnishèd,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night.
Oh no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold:
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found;
All clothed in pure array
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

TUNE—*Carinthia.*

My song is love unknown;
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But oh, my Friend;
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save;
The Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suff'ring goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

CHAPTER XV

DR. ISAAC WATTS

THE period of English history covered by the life of Watts is eventful, for it is practically the story of the dawn of religious liberty.

Watts was born in the reign of Charles II., the year in which Milton died, and he lived till George II. was upon the throne, and Wesley and Whitefield were blessing the whole country in the wonderful revival of religion of the eighteenth century.

In the reign of Charles II. Judge Jeffreys, of infamous memory, was denouncing and imprisoning such men as Richard Baxter and John Bunyan. Congregationalists, Baptists, and Quakers met at the risk of their lives, and the father of Isaac Watts, a deacon of the Congregational Church in Southampton, was thrown into St. Michael's Jail. On the steps

outside this prison his wife, with her infant son Isaac in her arms, might be seen sitting and waiting to obtain an interview with her husband. Again and again during Watts's childhood his father suffered imprisonment, the sole offence being that he attended religious meetings other than those of the Established Church.

Isaac Watts was born in 1674 at Southampton. He was the eldest of a family of nine children; his mother was descended from a French Huguenot family, who had fled from France after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. From his grandmother Watts heard many stories. She would speak of persecution in the home of his ancestors, their perilous flight across France from the soldiers of Charles IX., their adventurous escapes, and their hatred of the Romish tyranny that had destroyed the old home. Little wonder that Watts grew up a sturdy Nonconformist, prone to suspect every Church that was connected with the State.

The grandfather of Isaac Watts was an alderman of Southampton; he had served in the navy as the commander of a man-of-war under Admiral Blake.

His father was a schoolmaster, when not in prison or in exile, and received a good many children from the West Indies and America, to whom he imparted a fair education. A story is told that Mr. Watts, disliking his son's habit of tagging rhymes in the school, threatened to flog him if he heard any more, and that Isaac replied,

> Oh, father, do some pity take,
> And I will no more verses make!

After a while he went to the Southampton Grammar School, where he was in favour with the headmaster, and excelled in Latin, German, and French. Holiday rambles took him around Southampton Water, and up into the New Forest, whence, across the Solent, he could see the Isle of Wight. This lovely view a few years later suggested his hymn "There is a land of pure delight."

On leaving the Grammar School in his sixteenth year, Watts came to Stoke Newington to study in a Nonconformist college, where Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, had recently been a student.

After leaving the college Watts returned to his father's house at Southampton, and whilst attending their Congregational chapel he felt the need of more suitable hymns for divine worship; and on being requested to write something better than the paraphrases then in vogue, he began to write his hymns, bringing a fresh one to the chapel each Sunday, until almost a volume had been thus produced.

When twenty-two years of age Watts finally left home, and entered the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his son. There were two sons and nine daughters in the family, and Watts seems to have been chaplain as well as tutor.

Two years later he preached his first sermon at the chapel in Mark Lane, where he soon became assistant minister. At the same place, a few years later, on the last day of the reign of William III., Watts was appointed sole pastor. His health, never very robust, now broke down, and he travelled to Bath and to Tunbridge Wells, hoping to benefit by their healing waters. On returning to his work in London, he still appeared so weak that a year

later the congregation found it necessary to appoint a co-pastor.

When thirty-eight years of age Watts felt his weakness painfully increasing, and at that time Sir Thomas and Lady Abney invited him to spend a week at their house, Theobalds, in Herts. He accepted the invitation, and so pleased were his hosts with their visitor that they refused to let him go, and he stayed on with the family until his death, thirty-six years later.

With the Abneys he was an honoured guest, free to write or visit or preach when well enough. Under the trees in this famous garden he met many of the celebrities of the day; amongst others, Dr. Doddridge, the hymn-writer. His rooms were comfortable and well arranged. On his table lay his lute, his telescope, his books, and his Bible.

After the death of Sir Thomas Abney the whole household removed to their other house in Stoke Newington, which stood surrounded by twenty-five acres of garden, now Abney Cemetery. Here Watts spent his last years, and here he died in great peace, being fully

conscious of the approach of death, and eager to enter the new life. His body was buried in Bunhill Fields, City Road, London, where already lay the dust of John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, the mother of the Wesleys, and many other saints and celebrities.

It was Watts who introduced into English congregations the practice of singing hymns other than the paraphrases of the psalms. There were but few hymns to sing in those days ; and though Bishop Ken, George Herbert, and others had published hymns, few churches or chapels ventured to use them. The translations from the Latin, Greek, and German with which our hymn-books are enriched were not then made, and it was considered presumptuous, if not profane, to use for divine worship any but the metrical versions of the Hebrew psalms. Watts's hymns gradually overcame this prejudice. They were welco ned in Dissenting chapels in London, by the Puritan congregations in the New England States of America, and on Thanksgiving Day old and young assembled in their meeting-houses and sang, to the grand old tune of St. Martin, Watts's hymn—

Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old.

His finest hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," is familiar not only in barns, meeting-houses, chapels, and Scotch kirks, but its echoes resound from the vaulted arches and groined roofs of minsters and cathedrals. Of this hymn John Bright used to say, "It is the greatest hymn ever written in the English language."

No man who has written much is always equal in merit, and it is unwise to publish everything, even of a great poet. Watts's hymns vary, but those selected here are amongst his best.

TUNES—*St. Ann; Walsall.*

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

There is a land of pure delight.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.
Give me the wings of faith.
I'll praise my Maker.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
Join all the glorious names.
My God, the spring of all my joys.
Salvation! O the joyful sound!
We give immortal praise.
When I survey the wondrous cross.

CHAPTER XVI

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE

THE old saying "A healthy mind in a healthy body" is not of universal application. King Alfred was an habitual sufferer, yet what robust man has equalled his achievements? Dr. Doddridge was frail physically, but his energy and enjoyment of life were unrivalled.

He was born in an old house in the city of London in 1702, the year of the accession of Queen Anne. At first he showed no sign of life, and the nurse, concluding he was dead, left him, when presently it was discovered he breathed, and the feeble spark of life was protected and safely nursed through the period of infancy and youth.

Philip was the twentieth and last child of his parents. His father was the son of an

evicted clergyman who, for conscience' sake, gave up his living of two hundred pounds a year, although he had ten children dependent on him; so Philip's father had to earn his living very early in life, and went into trade, supporting himself and family by an oil business in the city.

Philip's mother was the daughter of a Bohemian clergyman, who had been persecuted in Prague on account of his religion, and had escaped to England, where he became head schoolmaster of the Grammar School at Kingston-on-Thames. So Philip's ancestry on both sides had suffered for religion, and the delicate little boy was born into a home where the service of God was the chief consideration, and nothing, not even life itself, was a matter of equal importance. He grew up less robust than other boys, and his early years were spent indoors happily with his mother.

One of his first recollections were the blue Dutch tiles that lined the chimney corner. Each tile had a picture from Scripture history, and, sitting there by his mother, he heard those wonderful stories of ancient days, and also

many a tale of the adventures of his grandfather, who escaped from Prague disguised as a peasant, with a hundred golden coins hidden away in his girdle and Luther's Bible in his pocket.

But Philip's happy childhood by his mother's side in the cosy corner at the back of the London shop soon passed, and he was sent to the Kingston Grammar School, where his grandfather's name was still held in veneration. Three years later both father and mother died, and the big family was scattered; the elder sons could support themselves, but Philip was sent to school at St. Albans. Here he attracted the attention of a good and learned man, Dr. Clark, a Presbyterian minister, who encouraged him in his studies, and was never too busy to occupy himself with the lonely, delicate lad who attended the church so regularly. When nineteen years old Philip Doddridge became a communicant. He delighted in Scripture study and books of learning, and hoped some day to become a minister.

With these hopes, but with no other provision, Doddridge came to London, and called

on various persons of influence and position whom he hoped might assist him in securing the necessary training. He met with a cold reception, and, much disappointed, feared the door to the ministry was fast shut. Whilst meditating whether to accept a situation in a lawyer's office which was offered him, he got a generous letter from Dr. Clark at St. Albans, inviting him to come and be prepared by study for the Christian ministry. Overjoyed at this letter, Doddridge returned to St. Albans, and settled down happily at his work.

It was not easy in those days for Nonconformists to obtain a good education. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were shut to all but members of the Church of England, and the private colleges which Nonconformists endeavoured to establish were liable to be suppressed, for the authorities, stirred up by the No Popery rioters, looked askance at any academy not bearing the hallmark of the Church of England. In spite of this insecurity, private schools and colleges were started by leading Nonconformist ministers, amongst whom there was no lack of

learning. To one of these ministers, Mr. Jennings at Kibworth, Philip Doddridge was sent by Dr. Clark.

From here he writes of his "dear light garret at Kibworth," whence he had a lovely view of harvest-fields, and where he could study with no fear of interruption. The Greek and Latin poets, the Hebrew Bible, history, and philosophy—every subject attracted him. He was not able to purchase books in great numbers, so he bought one at a time, and borrowed many. In six months he had read sixty volumes.

He never got into debt, even when his income only amounted to a few pounds a year. He writes in his student days to a friend a list of his possessions: "A blue camlet bed, an elbow-chair, a black table, a chest of drawers, and a large looking-glass, a dark blue calamanco gown, which has lasted a couple of years, was eighteenpence a yard, and has been turned and mended a good many times, a new Hebrew Bible, and a little stock of books." He spent nothing on wine or tea, and was content with the common table.

In 1722 he began to preach, and shortly afterwards accepted the charge of Kibworth, which was offered him, in the midst of a purely agricultural population, of whom he writes: "I have not so much as a tea-table in my whole diocese, although above eight miles in extent, and but one hoop petticoat within the whole circuit. I am now with a plain, honest, serious, good-natured people; I heartily love them myself, and I meet with genuine expressions of affection on their side. I do not go very much abroad, and when at home I can conveniently spend twelve hours a day in my study. As to the salary, though it does not certainly amount to forty pounds a year, it is tolerable subsistence for a single man."

Three years later he became tutor as well as preacher; he was well fitted to teach, having become a man of learning, and possessing a warm heart and a happy disposition. Young men who wished to be prepared for various professions came to him, and were entirely under his control, a considerable number of whom were theological students. Thirty-four young men lived under his roof when he

settled at Northampton, where he accepted the care of a large Church. He toiled incessantly, as tutor, pastor, and author. He kept a list of those who attended the chapel, and visited each at least twice a year. He visited the villages round Northampton, preached at their chapels, and arranged for services on market and fair days, besides attending the sick and the inmates of the jail.

He wrote several books, one of which, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,* was translated into various languages and circulated throughout Europe, while the Life of Colonel Gardiner was a popular book in all circles of English society. John Wesley wrote to consult Dr. Doddridge as to the books his preachers should read. Poems and hymns for the young were the production of his leisure moments.

King George III., then a child, surprised and delighted his tutor by learning several of these hymns.

Ten months of each year passed in these engrossing occupations; in the summer holidays,

when the students went away, Dr. Doddridge and his wife used to drive off in a chaise from Northampton to visit their friends in various parts of the country. The venerable Dr. Watts was one of the chief attractions in London, and many happy hours were spent together in the garden at Abney Park, Stoke Newington. Norfolk and Somerset were visited in the same way.

The chief recreation and pleasure of Dr. Doddridge was in the society of his friends, for his was an eminently sociable, lively, loving nature; but he knew also the value of solitude for quiet prayer and intercourse with the Unseen—the only source of spiritual power. The vestry at Castle Street, Northampton, where he could escape from his flock, his family, and his students, was his retreat. There many hours were spent in interceding for all those in his charge.

His was an exceedingly happy life. He enjoyed his work, preaching, visiting, teaching, and writing; he entered into a holiday with as much zest as a schoolboy, in spite of frail health and considerable suffering; but he does

not seem to have desired long life, for the next world was the supreme attraction.

In the twenty-two years of his ministry he accomplished an immense amount by industry, perseverance, and a methodical arrangement of his time.

In the winter of 1750 his friend and the helper of his youth, Dr. Clark, died; and Doddridge, whilst conducting his funeral, caught a severe chill, from which he never recovered. He was forced to give up his work at Northampton, and tried the Bath waters, but in vain. His lungs were affected, and a warmer climate was ordered. Accompanied by his wife, he travelled in a post-chaise to Falmouth, and there took boat for Lisbon. The warmer climate only exhausted him; he lingered a few weeks, and died peacefully at the age of fifty, and was interred in the English burying-ground at Lisbon.

His hymns, and those of his famous contemporary Dr. Watts, quickened the devotional life of Dissenting congregations throughout England. Dr. Doddridge was so full of love and happiness that all whom his voice or his

pen could reach were warmed and vitalised by the contact. The sunshine of God's presence lighted up his life; he resembled that holy man of ancient Cornwall, St. Day, who when he was asked, "Why are you always smiling?" replied, "Because no man can take my God from me."

TUNES—*Old Winchester; Farmers'.*

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine Advent shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

O happy day that fixed my choice.
Ye humble souls that seek the Lord.

CHAPTER XVII

DR. BYROM AND AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

DR. BYROM

DR. BYROM, the author of "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," is remembered by this one hymn. He was just ten years old when Queen Anne came to the throne, and soon afterwards he left his father's house at Kersal Broughton, Manchester, for school in London. After some years at the Merchant Taylors', he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a great student of languages, including Hebrew and Arabic. But it was not only at school and college that John Byrom was a worker; for a little later his sister writes thus in one of her letters: "Brother John is most at Kersal—he goes every night and morning down to the water-side [the River Irwell] and bawls out one

of Tully's orations in Latin, so loud they can hear him a mile off, so that all the neighbourhood think he is mad, and you would think so too if you saw him. Sometimes he thrashes corn with John Rigby's men, and helps them to get potatoes, and works as hard as any of them: he is very good company."

In 1721 he married his cousin Elizabeth Byrom, in the old church, Manchester, the present cathedral. And now he was obliged to determine on some sort of work which would support them. Before his marriage he had gone to the south of France to study medicine; but instead of practising as a doctor, he invented a system of shorthand, which he taught both in Manchester and London. In those days newspaper reporters and shorthand writers were scarce, and members of both Houses of Parliament were glad themselves to learn shorthand. The famous Lord Chesterfield was one of Dr. Byrom's pupils, Horace Walpole another, so also were his friends John and Charles Wesley.

But neither medicine nor the shorthand business fully occupied Dr. Byrom. He threw

himself into politics, and was an ardent Jacobite, hoping to bring back the exiled Stuarts and establish them in place of the House of Hanover. He joined the secret conclaves and midnight meetings that were held near Manchester, in London, and in other parts of the country by the adherents of the ill-starred Stuarts.

When forty-eight years of age Dr. Byrom succeeded to the family estate at Kersal, his elder brother having died without children. Henceforth, having a sufficient income, he ceased to teach shorthand, and had full scope for his political and literary activities. He published a volume of poems, and kept a diary, in which he mentions meeting some famous men of his day—John Wesley, Bishop Butler, and others.

Dr. Byrom wrote his famous hymn "Christians, awake," for his little daughter Dorothy. It was entitled "Christmas Day for Dolly." It was sung outside their home at Kersal on Christmas Eve, 1750, by the choir of Manchester old church, the tune being composed by Wainwright, the organist.

Is there a town or village throughout the

great English Empire where this sweet hymn is not sung year by year? With us the hymn is redolent of happy Christmas associations. We hear the waits outside in the cold, frosty air, while we lie snug in bed; we listen to the carol-singers on our doorstep as we sit round the fire; and on Christmas morning, in the church all decorated with holly and ivy, this hymn is enshrined. How dear it has grown to us!

All else associated with Dr. Byrom has passed away. His descendants are dead; the Jacobite cause, the system of shorthand, the poems, and the learned correspondence—where are they? But this one sweet hymn, written for his little daughter Dolly, survives, and is loved the more year by year. Both hymn and tune came to us from Manchester one hundred and fifty years ago.

TUNE—*Yorkshire.*

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

Some writers, who in their own day have produced books and pamphlets on many subjects, are only associated in the minds of posterity

with one poem. Such was Augustus Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages."

He was born at Farnham in 1740. He went into Westminster School about fifteen years after Charles Wesley left, and about ten years after Cowper and Warren Hastings were there. Toplady afterwards continued his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and then became a clergyman.

For seven years he was Vicar of Broad Hembury in Devon. For three years he preached in London near Leicester Fields.

During these years he wrote many fierce pamphlets in defence of Calvinism. His great hymn "Rock of Ages," by which we all remember him, he wrote in vindication of his own views, and to correct the popular religious teaching of the day. He only lived to be thirty-eight years old. He was buried in the ground of Whitefield's Tabernacle.

His hymn is sung by all parties—Churchmen, Dissenters, Methodists. It comforts the dying. It was a great favourite with Mr. Gladstone, and was sung at his funeral in Westminster Abbey.

When we pass away, we should like to be remembered by our best words and our kindest deeds, and we should like all less worthy to be buried in oblivion. Toplady has been fortunate indeed—the harsh judgments, the fierce invective, the heated controversy are all buried and lie cold and silent in the dust; but his one song echoes on through the ages—a most remarkable survival of the fittest!

TUNE—*Redhead.*

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WESLEY FAMILY

ENGLAND at the beginning of the eighteenth century is a dreary picture. Political stagnation and the decay of all belief in goodness were characteristic of the leaders of society.

"In Walpole's day the English clergy were the idlest and most lifeless in the world—the most remiss in their labours, and the least severe in their lives." The bishops (with one or two notable exceptions) spent their time in London, attending levees, while their dioceses were utterly neglected. One bishop confessed he had only seen his bishopric once, and preferred to live in the Lake district.

Drunkenness and foul talk distinguished all men of fashion. The famous Montesquieu,

on his visit to England, wrote, "In the higher circles everyone laughs if one talks of religion." The novels and plays of the period reveal a grossness of manners and morals almost incredible in our day.

The population of the towns had immensely increased, through the introduction of manufactures; but no new parishes had been formed, no new churches built, schools did not exist, except those founded by Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth.

Amongst the working classes degradation reigned supreme. They were ignorant and brutal; their only amusements were derived from the torture of animals—bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and cock-shying (on Shrove Tuesdays cocks were tied to a stake and battered to death, as now on Bank Holidays people play for cocoanuts). On holidays Cockneys were permitted, on paying twopence, to go through Bethlehem Hospital, and amuse themselves at the expense of the lunatics.

In the country villages reading and writing were rare accomplishments. "We saw only one Bible in the parish of Cheddar," said

Hannah More, many years later, "and that was used to prop a flower-pot!"

In the towns the old watchmen who preceded the police could not cope with mobs, who burned property and flung open prisons. Highwaymen, professional thieves, and cut-purses abounded on Blackheath, Stoke Newington, and all other open spaces round large towns. In the streets of London gin-shops invited every passer-by to get "drunk for a penny, or dead drunk for twopence."

Society, in terror of the criminal classes, made cruel penal laws. Hanging was the punishment even for trivial offences, such as robbing hen-roosts, writing threatening letters, and stealing property to the value of five shillings. There was always a crop for the gallows in every assize town, and twenty young thieves were strung up of a morning in front of Newgate!

In the middle classes there was still much good—many persons of unobtrusive piety walked in the fear of the Lord; but these quiet, devout people made no headway in stopping the torrent of ungodliness.

Such was the England in which the Wesley family shone as a light in a dark place. At the beginning of the century, at Epworth Rectory, in the Lincolnshire Fens, the Reverend Samuel Wesley and his wife, Susanna, were training up, on slender resources, a large family of boys and girls. The father was a man of earnest piety and commonsense, the mother a woman of strong character, orderly and methodical in all her ways, conscientious, devout, and careless of the opinion of the unworthy.

Her married life was full of anxieties. She knew poverty, and had a great family to feed and educate; yet if ever a woman may rejoice because she has brought sons into the world, that woman is Susanna Wesley!

Her sons John and Charles changed the face of England. They were the channel through which flowed a quickening, purifying influence to the ends of the earth. In 1791, at John Wesley's death, the Methodists numbered a hundred thousand members; but the best results lay beyond Methodism—the Church was vitalised, and begot in the nation a new

enthusiasm for the service of suffering humanity. Hospitals, churches, the visitation of criminals, missions to the heathen, and the abolition of the slave-trade—all these blessed after-growths developed from the seed sown by Susanna Wesley in the hearts of her children at Epworth.

Each evening in the week she had "serious" conversation with one child. On Thursday "I talk with Jacky, and on Saturday with Charles." These interviews were not resented; they were prized.

From their mother they learned, while quite little children, habits of self-control, endurance of hardship, unselfishness, reverence for God, and devotion to the poor and ignorant.

Their childhood past, they took scholarships to the great London schools—Samuel, the eldest, and Charles, the youngest, to Westminster, and John to Charterhouse. At school, and later at the University, their mother's letters followed them, full of wise advice in small matters and in great.

The Wesleys were a musical family. All had a taste for poetry; the father occasionally

wrote hymns, so did Samuel and John. But the sweet singer of the family was Charles. His writings inspired a passion for hymn-singing, and gradually introduced a warmth and tenderness into English public worship.

Charles Wesley was King's Scholar at Westminster, and thence passed to Christ Church, Oxford. Whilst he and his brother John were members of the university, they and a few other young men met together every week, to study the Greek Testament, to pray, to exhort one another to frequent communion, to plain living and high thinking, and to a life of devotion to God. They also developed practical Christianity—visiting the poor, the sick, and the felons in the jail. They were nicknamed "The Holy Club," and "Methodists," because they were so precise and methodical in all their dealings.

In 1726 John was elected to a Fellowship of Lincoln College; and his father writes, "What will be my own fate before the summer is over, God knows; but whatever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

From Oxford Charles returned to visit his

father on his dying-bed, and writes thus: "You had reason to envy us who could attend my father. The few words he could utter, I saved—'The weaker I am in body, the more strong and sensible support I feel from God.' He often laid his hand upon my head, and said, 'Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' On my asking if he felt worse, he replied, 'Oh, my Charles, I feel a great deal! God chastens me with strong pain; but I praise Him for it—I thank Him for it—I love Him for it! And the inward witness, son—the inward witness—that is the strongest proof of Christianity.'"

The same year John and Charles Wesley sailed for Georgia, hoping to be missionaries to the Indians. They acted as parish clergymen to the settlers and missionaries to the negroes on the plantations. On the voyage out many of the passengers were German Moravian emigrants. A great storm arose, seas continually broke over the ship; the English were full of fear, the Moravians calm

and helpful to their sick and distressed fellow-passengers. John Wesley, much impressed, questioned the Germans, "Were you not afraid?" "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" "No. Our women and children are not afraid to die." John Wesley, still more impressed, concluded, "These people have something to which I have not yet attained."

On their return to England the Wesleys associated themselves with the Moravians, and in particular with Peter Boehler, who expounded the way of God more perfectly, and religion became to both of them a matter of personal peace and joy—not merely an exact fulfilment of every duty.

In 1738 most of the pulpits within the Church were closed to the Wesleys. Their moral and spiritual enthusiasm, their plain words against sin and vice, alarmed those Churchmen whose only idea was to avoid excess of zeal, to use moderation in all things.

Thus driven from the pulpits of the Church, the Wesleys preached in the fields, the streets, and the jails; they went to those who needed

them most. The sermons of John and the hymns of Charles brought tears to the eyes of the colliers of Bristol and Northumberland, the miners and smugglers of Cornwall, and to the London rabble.

And Charles's hymns penetrated to homes where John's teaching was not tolerated. Charles also preached in Cornwall, Bristol, Sheffield, London, and elsewhere. He was gentler and more sympathetic, but less powerful than his brother John. Where John was fearless, Charles was timid; but with both the things unseen and eternal were the real things. Charles was full of affection; parents, brothers (especially John), wife, and children, were dear to him, and his happiness was largely dependent on his relations with his fellows. He loved individuals, was full of tender humanities, and clung tenaciously to the Church of England. In his later years he travelled less, and took the chief oversight of the society in London and Bristol.

He was less strong physically than his brother, and knew the meaning of suffering. His hymns are full of deep feeling and sym-

pathy. The 335th in the Wesleyan book, "Cast on the fidelity," was written to cheer his wife in depression and suffering. "Jesu, Lover of my soul," is of world-wide fame. It is whispered by the dying, it is sung wherever men are facing deadly peril; perhaps it is the most helpful hymn that was ever written.

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown" is Charles Wesley's finest poem. Dr. Watts said that he would willingly sacrifice all his writings if he might have written that one hymn. The late Dean of Westminster quoted it most touchingly, a few weeks after the death of Lady Augusta Stanley, at the unveiling of the Wesleyan Memorial in Westminster Abbey.

The hymns selected here are a few of the most popular, and are found in most English and American collections.

The hymns of John Wesley differ from those of Charles; they are Miltonic in style, the products of a strong masculine mind, and lack the tender human touches and depth of feeling which distinguish those of Charles's more composite nature. And most of them are translations from the German. When the Wesleys

became acquainted with Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian Brethren, they were introduced to the beautiful hymns of Gerhardt, Angelus, Tersteegen, etc. John Wesley translated them into English.

John almost lived on horseback, travelling usually forty miles a day, rising at four in the morning, and preaching daily. He lived a hard, abstemious life. The saddle, the inn, the market-place, the moors—in all these places he was a familiar figure; the home fireside knew him not. He visited Cornwall thirty-one times, and every part of the kingdom is described in his Journal.

John Wesley, though strongly conservative in early life, stood erect and independent; the approbation or disapproval of others did not weigh with him. He was God's prophet, and was always ready, on every occasion, to declare the whole counsel of God. Clear, strong, logical, and emphatic, his sermons were not without deep emotion, or they would have been powerless to alter the lives of men, for "it is not with a heart of stone that the dead are raised"; but his tenderness and compassion

were for the multitude of wretched, miserable, sin-stricken people, while individual ties were less to him. It is true that he revered his mother, that her words, as long as she lived, were of more weight with him than those of any other; apart from her, he was singularly detached from most human relationships. Yet, as he grew old, and his adherents numerous, he stood in the relation of a father to them. "Our Father Wesley" he was termed by those who loved him, and they were a vast multitude. As St. Francis was to Europe in the thirteenth century, so was John Wesley to the English of the eighteenth century.

TUNES—*Wrestling Jacob; Saints of God.*

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!

But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long!

I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!

Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

TUNE—*St. Ann.*

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies!

But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

REV. SAM. WESLEY, SENIOR, *father of* SAMUEL, JOHN, and CHARLES.

Soldiers of Christ, arise.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Jesu, Lover of my soul.—CHARLES WESLEY.

The Lord is King, and earth submits.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Hail the day that sees Him rise.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.—CHARLES WESLEY.

O for a thousand tongues to sing.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Hark! the herald-angels sing.—CHARLES WESLEY.

What are these arrayed in white?—CHARLES WESLEY, *from German.*

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Love Divine, all loves excelling.—CHARLES WESLEY.

Leader of faithful souls, and Guide.—CHARLES WESLEY.

O God, my God, my all Thou art.—*Translated from Spanish by* JOHN WESLEY.

CHAPTER XIX

WILLIAM COWPER

THE poet Cowper, known to every English household by his ballad "John Gilpin," was a hymn-writer of considerable excellence, though his chief works were long poems in blank verse or rhyming couplets. His style is characteristic of his century. Instead of simple and unadorned English, it is full of Latin words ; for in the eighteenth century literary men thought scorn to write in such simple words as satisfied the taste of the seventeenth and of the nineteenth centuries, and adopted a ponderous style, of which Dr. Samuel Johnson is the most striking example.

William Cowper was born at Berkhampstead Rectory in 1731. His father, the rector, was one of the royal chaplains at the court of George II.

His mother, who belonged to an old county family, was a woman of great tenderness and affection, and his happiest hours were spent at her side. But when he was six years old she died, and the troubles of his life began. A mournful little face at the nursery window saw a dark hearse move slowly from the door. The servants, to comfort him, assured him his mother would return another day, and the poor child kept watching and hoping in vain, until he realised at last that he would see her here no more. A year later he was sent to a boarding-school, and there he was subjected to such cruelty that his brain was injured for life, and the foundation was laid of all his future suffering and mental agony. Schools, both public and private, are immensely improved since the days of Cowper's boyhood. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and Thring, of Uppingham, revolutionised English public school education—they put down tyranny with a strong hand, and encouraged manly games, such as football and cricket. Bullying, sneaking, and shirking work or games are not now characteristics of the average English schoolboy, and

while he delights to read such books as *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, so long will the wholesome outdoor life and its discipline be the paramount influence of his school life. It was Cowper's misfortune to go to school in the dark ages of public school life before Dr. Arnold went to Rugby, when the big, strong fellows brutally treated the small boys, and drinking and swearing and other evils were considered "good form."

Cowper, a shrinking, sensitive boy of seven years of age, was soon seized on by one of the school bullies, who tortured him and played on his fears. How entertaining to frighten a motherless child with stories of horror which kept him quaking and shivering with fear until the night was well-nigh passed, and, exhausted with terror, he fell into uneasy sleep as morning approached! Thus, at the age of seven, Cowper's nerves were shattered, and for the rest of his life he suffered from the cruelty thus inflicted. Afterwards he was sent to Westminster School, where he spent seven years; and here, though methods and customs were rough and barbarous, he suffered

less than at his first school, where one evil mind had dominated the timid little boys in the dormitory. At eighteen Cowper left school and entered an attorney's office, where he spent the next three years in studying law and in pleasant fun with his companions. In 1754 he was called to the Bar, and went to live at the Temple, where he wrote for the papers and lived pleasantly enough. Nine years later he was nominated to the post of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Commons, and suddenly was summoned to the bar of the House to be examined. His nerves gave way at the prospect of this ordeal, his mind became affected, and he had to enter an asylum for eighteen months. The nerves, which in childhood should have been braced and strengthened, had been fatally injured, and henceforth throughout his life every crisis in his career, every loss which befell him, was attended by months of gloom and insanity.

At this time there lived at Huntingdon a clergyman, the Rev. Morley Unwin, his wife Mary, and their son and daughter. The whole family befriended Cowper. On leaving

St. Albans, he went to live with them at Huntingdon. The following year Mr. Unwin was thrown from his horse and died, and Mrs. Unwin with her daughter went to live at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, where Cowper accompanied them, and remained a constant inmate of their household.

The curate of the parish, the Rev. John Newton, now became a friend of the poet, and together they walked along the banks of the Ouse, visiting the homes of the poor and discussing the hymns which Newton was writing, and in which Cowper himself became so deeply interested that he too became a contributor to the Olney collection.

Whilst living at Olney, one day in a merry mood Cowper produced "John Gilpin," and here his longest poem, "The Task," with "The Timepiece" and "The Sofa," was written.

His last literary work was to translate Homer into English, at the rate of about forty lines a day, and thus the work occupied two years. In "The Timepiece" Cowper wrote against slavery. Newton doubtless told him many a horrible tale of his own experiences

on the coast of West Africa, and on board the slavers, the sensitive poet vibrating with indignation at the wrongs of which Newton spoke so quietly. The friendship of these two men is interesting and curious to think of—Cowper, the delicate, refined, melancholy poet with his pet hares, his gardening, his domestic occupations, his interest in needlework, and praise of feminine industry, was a marvellous contrast to the robust, coarser-grained Newton, with his healthy frame, slower perceptions, and unshaken convictions; yet was the friendship of value to both, as Newton could not but acquire delicacy and refinement from Cowper, and Cowper's harassed mind found support in the substantial, matter-of-fact Newton, who was to Cowper a veritable "hiding-place from the wind" when assailed by the terrible spectres of the mind.

When Cowper was ill, Mrs. Unwin and Newton nursed and soothed him back to health and tranquillity of mind. One day during his convalescence a neighbour came in and brought with him a young hare, and Cowper became greatly interested in the little animal, adopted

it and two other hares, and began to tame them. In a short time they were perfectly fearless and friendly. Cowper let them loose daily in the garden and sitting-room, and they did not attempt to escape, nor were they frightened of a dog which he introduced into the household. His tenderness and patience admirably fitted him for taming these timid creatures.

Cowper had so much illness and his work was so irregular that he would have fared badly but for his kind friends the Unwins and the Rev. John Newton. A royal pension of £300 a year was granted him when an old man, and he suffered from no actual poverty; but the gloom of mental disease darkened his last years, and he believed himself separated from and forsaken by God. Mrs. Browning's poem on Cowper's Grave is a fitting close to this little sketch:

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming eyes his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother, while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus woke the poet from the dream, his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death, to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew "*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!"

TUNE—*St. Bees.*

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

TUNES—*St. Leonard's; London.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Ere God had built the mountains.

CHAPTER XX

REV. JOHN NEWTON

PERHAPS no hymn-writer in any age was ever less prepared by his previous life to sing the praises of the High and Holy One. And yet this very blackness of the early life of Newton enhances the value of the moral miracle when the slave-trader was brought to sing the praises of Him who had brought him out of darkness into marvellous light.

In 1736 the sailor-lad John Newton, then eleven years old, went to sea with his father, a master mariner and captain of the vessel. His mother had died when he was only seven years of age. She had been a good woman, had prayed with and for her son, and taught him to read the Bible. He had been fortunate in his schoolmaster, from whose

lips and vigorous right arm he had received other and more severe lessons which he never entirely forgot, for thus were Euclid and the Latin writers fixed indelibly in his mind. He went several voyages with his father to the West Indies, and a plan was formed to place him in charge of a plantation in Jamaica when he was about seventeen.

But this opening in life was destroyed by the boy himself. On his way through Kent to join his ship, Newton met Mary Catlett, a girl of fourteen, for whom he felt a great admiration, and near whom he lingered so long that the ship sailed, and he was left behind. Between each of his early voyages, if unable to visit her, he walked from the docks as far as the top of Shooters Hill, that he might gaze on the district where she lived.

After his last visit to her home, where he again lingered too long, disaster befell him; for having lost his own ship, the press-gang men fell upon him, and seized him to serve in the navy. Finding him well read and capable, he was appointed to the rank of midshipman, and might have done well; but as

he ran away from the ship, hoping once more to visit Mary, on his recapture he was degraded to the rank of ordinary seaman. Miserable and rebellious against the discipline of the ship, Newton abandoned himself to despair and wickedness, and the officers on board were so glad to be rid of him that they allowed him to exchange on to a merchant ship at Madeira on her way to West Africa.

Arriving at the Gold Coast, Newton was employed by the overseer of the slave factory at the mouth of one of the West African rivers. He was completely at the mercy of his master, who refused him wages, gave him neither food nor clothing, and left him for days together without shelter during the rainy season. He lived on fish, which he caught at great peril to himself, and of which he could make no wholesome meal. Sick and despised, this was the most miserable time of his whole life. The late Miss Mary Kingsley in her books on West Africa gives us a picture of these river mouths with their swarming crocodiles, rotting vegetation, evil odours, malarious mosquitoes, and never-absent fever. No

wonder that Newton, although he had "nerves of brass and sinews of iron," was sick body and soul, and rapidly degenerated morally in the deplorable society into which he was cast. His book of Euclid which he had by him probably preserved his mind in these adverse circumstances; for when tracing mathematical figures with a stick in the sand, and solving problems, he was for the time being unconscious of all else.

After many months he was transferred to another district, where he had profits in a slave factory. Here he was fed and clothed, and was only too content to settle down in the slave business. An English ship, however, came to anchor off the coast. Inquiries had been set on foot by Newton's friends, who were anxious to rescue him. He returned to Liverpool, where a friend entrusted him with the command of a ship to carry slaves from West Africa to the American plantations. Sober and honest he had been even in his worst days, but profane, impure, and degraded in his conversation and habits.

From this time, however, his character began

to improve. At the end of the first of these voyages as captain he married Mary Catlett, whose image he had cherished during seven years of absence. He took the Bible to sea with him and studied it in his cabin. He even had prayers with the ship's company, but as yet his moral sense was obtuse. The poor, stifling negroes chained in gangs down in the ship's hold did not move his compassion. He was but a rough sailor, and, like the average seaman of his day, he looked upon the negroes as little better than cattle. But he had already started on the upward path, and gradually his conscience awoke, and he saw many things to be wrong which he had hitherto thought harmless.

After four voyages to the American plantation Newton gave up sea-faring, and took a situation in the customs at Liverpool. Here, during intervals of leisure, he studied Hebrew and Greek until he could read the Bible in the original tongues.

He had slowly and deliberately entered on the service of God, and now he wanted to preach. In his thirty-ninth year he entered

the Church of England as a curate at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he remained for sixteen years, labouring in the parish, the friend of the poet Cowper and other literary and devout persons.

He now wrote hymns, and together with Cowper and others brought out the Olney Hymn-Book. He was greatly influenced by Cowper, who exercised a refining influence on his writings, and to whom he was a robust protector in times of mental affliction.

Finally he became the Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, in the city of London, where he continued twenty-six years, until his death in 1807. His preaching in London was attended by large crowds. No London clergyman of that day had so large a following or so great an influence. The whole aim of his life, words, and writings was to show what Christ had done for him and what He could do for other men. Newton was never tired of telling the story of his life, and the crowds who came to hear went away convinced that God, who had changed Newton from an evil life, could also change them.

His hymn "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" was even in his lifetime sung by thousands.

As he grew old his eyes were fully opened to the wickedness of that trade in which he had so long engaged, and, anxious to make what amends lay in his power, he gave evidence against the slave trade to a committee of the House of Lords.

TUNES—*Spanish Chant; Glastonbury.*

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

TUNES—*St. Peter; St. Agnes.*

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Glorious things of Thee are spoken.

CHAPTER XXI

JAMES MONTGOMERY

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in the middle of the eighteenth century. His parents were Moravian missionaries; and whilst James was yet a little child, they sailed for the West Indies as missionaries to the poor negro slaves, who at that time were stolen from their homes in Africa, chained in gangs, driven to the west coast, where they were put on board vessels chartered for the purpose, and carried away to the West Indies. Their miseries on the voyage were extreme; they were fastened by chains in the hold, and numbers died on the journey.

James Montgomery's parents laboured amongst these poor creatures on the plantations in the West Indies; but in a few years they fell sick and died. James was sent to the

Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds. He was not a tall, strong boy, and did not excel in sports; his happiest hours were spent in writing poems and dreaming of future fame. Day dreams do not conduce to popularity amongst schoolboys, and if freely indulged in, arithmetic and other studies get neglected. At last the somewhat unsatisfactory school days were over, and James was placed in a general shop. Here he was thoroughly unhappy, for he longed to be free to write. In his few leisure moments in these uncongenial surroundings he wrote more poems and dreamed of a literary career.

At last, impatient of his shop work and full of other ambitions, he ran away to London, carrying his poems, his only treasures, with him. Poor boy! He did not find the publishers of Fleet Street eager to take his cherished works; they were quite indifferent to the raw, north-country lad, and he would perhaps have starved, but for the kindness of a bookseller, who, though he refused the poems, offered to employ the boy. Here James learned something of business ways;

he did not despair of future success, and meanwhile he was earning his living amongst books, saw the newspapers, and heard all the latest war news (it was when the French Revolution was approaching and Nelson was winning glory under the British flag).

In this situation Montgomery stayed until he was twenty years of age. Then he saw an advertisement for a clerk in a newspaper office at Sheffield. He applied for and secured it. On arriving in Sheffield, he entered the service of the *Sheffield Register*, as it was then called, in a minor capacity, but soon rose to important work as one of the staff, and later on became editor. His employers found that he could write well and forcibly, that he was not without imagination, and possessed strong sympathies with the poor and oppressed.

The newspaper was a channel through which he gave vent to his convictions; he had found his niche in life, and he filled it well. The *Sheffield Register* was Liberal in tendency. Its columns advocated the abolition of the slave trade, and rejoiced in the destruction

of the Bastille. The French Revolution was in progress; and though it was a long nightmare of horrors and bloodshed, yet it was the natural outcome of centuries of injustice and tyranny of the governing classes. Hundreds of innocent persons were imprisoned in the Bastille because they were inconvenient to those in power. When the people of Paris rose and destroyed it, many Englishmen rejoiced that one great stronghold of tyranny was levelled to the ground, though, of course, they could in no way excuse the frightful excesses of the mob.

The editor of the *Sheffield Register* at this time expressed his sympathy somewhat injudiciously, and felt it discreet to leave England for a while. James Montgomery took up his work and his responsibilities. A few weeks later a warrant for his arrest was served. A poem of rejoicing on the destruction of the Bastille had appeared in his paper, the English authorities considered such sentiments dangerous, and James Montgomery was sent to jail at York Castle for nine months.

There, though in the company of felons,

he escaped from the misery of his surroundings through the pleasures of the imagination and by writing poems. Like Lovelace, he could sing:

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

Montgomery wrote verses to a "robin-redbreast who visits the window of my prison," and a longer and livelier poem on Prison Amusements. In spite of these literary pastimes, he suffered considerably in York Castle, and on his liberation went to Scarborough to recover health and spirits. Then he returned to Sheffield, and threw himself with accustomed ardour into journalism. He wrote long and passionate appeals, in verse, for the abolition of the slave trade; also on the history and progress of Moravian missions in Greenland.

But perhaps that which touches us most was his intense sympathy with the little climbing boys who at that time were employed by master sweeps to go up chimneys. These boys suffered terribly, and their treatment was atrocious. Charles Kingsley, in his lovely

story of the *Water Babies*, thus describes one such boy:

"He lived in a great town in the north country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read, nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers; . . . he cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw, and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week, and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week, and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And sometimes his master put lighted straw under him to make him go up; and sometimes he stuck fast to the chimney, because it was so shamefully clogged with soot, or lost his way in the large and crooked chimneys—not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground."

Broken limbs, scorched bodies, and blindness were of frequent occurrence amongst these poor boys.

James Montgomery, with others, started an association in Sheffield to befriend these miserable children, and appealed to Parliament to stop their employment and to insist on the use of the long brushes. Many years passed before Parliament took any steps in the matter. The good Earl of Shaftesbury helped at last to carry the Bill through, and now in England for a long while it has been unlawful to employ boys in climbing chimneys. Every Easter Monday Montgomery made a feast to these poor Sheffield lads, and was always ready to help them at all times.

His whole life was one of sympathy with the suffering and oppressed. In intervals of leisure he wrote hymns; some of these became so popular that nearly every English hymn-book adopted them.

He had an intense interest in foreign missions; his pen and his tongue were always ready for the service of the heathen, the slaves, and suffering populations at home and abroad.

He never became a rich man, but his aim had always been to make the world a better place to live in, not to enrich himself.

Sir Robert Peel conferred a pension of £150 a year on him when he was an old man; and at his death the town of Sheffield gave him a public funeral and erected a monument to his memory.

TUNES—*Ellacombe; Aurelia.*

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

Angels from the realms of glory.
For ever with the Lord.

CHAPTER XXII

BISHOP HEBER

MISSIONARIES to the heathen seldom write hymns. To succeed in their arduous task they must be men of action, wise, practical, full of energy as well as devotion. The leisure of the study is not theirs, and it was about four years before Heber became a missionary that he wrote his celebrated hymns.

Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, in 1783. He had all the advantages which are conferred by good and wise parents, happy brothers and sisters, a comfortable English home in a country neighbourhood, and an atmosphere of cultivation and refinement. Thus well endowed by birth, he had also the blessing of a sweet, docile disposition. His only drawback (if such it was) seems to

have been ill-health; whatever illnesses were prevalent, he duly took with considerable severity. Indeed, his childhood is largely a catalogue of maladies bravely borne and of remedies patiently endured. When two years old he was suffering dangerously from whooping-cough, and the doctor suggested bleeding him. His nurse protested, and set up a lament.

"Send poor nurse downstairs. I won't stir. Don't hold me," said the brave little fellow, and held out his arm to the lancet.

When six years old he was down with typhus, and his recovery was long and slow. To make the time pass he begged to be taught the Latin grammar, and actually made considerable progress while still on his bed.

At five he could read the Bible, and delighted in it and in prayer. Yet he was not a premature little saint, unfit for this world and hastening to the next. Invalid children may be very sweet, attractive, brave, and devout, and gradually develop into hearty, robust life if their parents and friends are wise, and prefer fresh, open-air treatment to physic and forcing-frames!

Heber loved wild animals, and was anxious to try taming a neighbour's bull. As may be supposed, this experiment ended in disaster. The imprisonment of his sister's squirrel troubled him, and he wanted to see it free again in its own woods; so he led his sister to a tree, carrying the encaged squirrel, and then persuaded her to set the captive at liberty.

Servants, brothers and sisters, and school friends all loved Reginald Heber. He was unselfish and gentle, and, as the servants said, "Master Reginald is never in a passion." When he went off to school, it was necessary to sew up his pocket-money in his pockets, or he gave it away to the first person who appeared to be in distress. On winter evenings he was often the centre of a crowd of boys, to whom he recited ballads or told stories of chivalry. It was a stirring time. The war with France had begun, Nelson was the popular hero, and the victories of the British fleet were likely enough to inspire even less enthusiastic persons than English schoolboys. Swearing, impure conversation, and vice were fearfully common in almost every school, yet

Heber preserved the purity and reverence of his childhood when immersed in school life. In reading a story, he would shut up the book and not reopen it if it suggested an evil thought. One of his friends said of him, "If his heart had no other covering than a glass, its thoughts were so pure, no one need fear to read them."

From school he went to Brasenose College, Oxford, where his career was brilliant. He worked hard, but did not shut himself up from his fellows. If late at night, and his work were unfinished, he tied a wet cloth round his head, and continued to study till nearly morning.

In 1803 he wrote the prize poem of the year, "Palestine," and recited it in the theatre of the university to a huge audience. His father and mother were there, full of delighted pride. At the close of the ceremony Heber disappeared from the crowd of complimentary friends; and his mother, going in search, found him on his knees, thanking God for letting him give his parents so much pleasure. A few months later, when his father died, it was

a joy to remember his presence in Oxford on the day of rejoicing at the prize-giving.

At this time the work of the coastguard was no sinecure. Napoleon was preparing to invade England, and the coast had to be watched, while many of the inland counties raised volunteers to defend the country. Heber threw himself into this movement, and joined the Shropshire contingent, which drilled near Hodnet Hall, the home of his family.

In 1805 he started with a friend on a tour through Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany. They travelled in a strong little carriage with two ponies, and had to carry bedding, etc., with them. Nowadays travelling is easy enough—then it was a matter of adventure. Permission had to be obtained to enter each country, and a signed passport carried to ensure safety. Heber kept a journal, and wrote fully to his mother and brother during those months of travel.

On his return his poor neighbours and fellow-volunteers made a feast to welcome him

home. With what delight he donned his red coat and joined in their sports!

Shortly afterwards Heber took Holy Orders, and became a clergyman, settling down as Vicar of Hodnet.

There he was loved as vicar as he had been as volunteer. When he was seen going his rounds, each one hoped he would be visited, and faces beamed on his approach. He had a heart for misery.

During the early part of the nineteenth century our home population suffered terribly. Bread was dear; white, wheaten bread, such as we now eat, was a luxury only for the well-to-do, and the heavy, sticky, unwholesome stuff sold as bread contributed much to sickness. In 1820 a malignant sore throat broke out in Hodnet, which spread from house to house right through the parish; the sick were everywhere, and numbers died. Heber spent all his time visiting the sick and burying the dead. The disease attacked the workhouse; Heber followed, to visit the patients, and there he caught it and brought it home to the vicarage, where six others were soon laid low. They all

recovered, however, and great was the joy and thanksgiving.

In 1812, whilst at Hodnet, Heber determined, if possible, to publish a volume of hymns for church use; these included Bishop Ken's, some translations from the Latin, and a large number written for the Sundays and Holy Days of the year by Heber himself.

Methodists had Wesley's hymns, the Dissenters those of Dr. Watts; but the Church only used the old paraphrases of the Psalms, and three or four hymns sanctioned by the bishops.

Heber's poetical gift had been recognised ever since his poem "Palestine" was published. One Saturday he was asked to write a missionary hymn to be used on the following day. He at once wrote "From Greenland's icy mountains," still almost the most popular missionary hymn in any collection.

In 1815 his little daughter Barbara died—his only child—yet he thanked God he had had her six months to look at and to love! A crying child or a sick person attracted him as a magnet. Yet, though every corner of his

parish knew him, his study was not forsaken. Seven hours a day he passed among his books, reading, praying, and writing. In those quiet hours of study Heber and his wife often pored over the maps of Asia and Africa, and talked about the great heathen world lying in darkness. The map of India was oftenest before them; the cruel fate of widows and infant girls in that vast country, and the suffering caused by superstition, appealing to Heber; but as yet no door was open to him.

The story of Christian missions to the heathen is a fascinating subject, for it brings us into contact with brave adventurers in a noble quest, who, loving and fearing God, were henceforth delivered from all meaner fears, and went forth amid innumerable perils to become heralds of the Cross.

We find, however, no missionary hymns earlier than the eighteenth century. During the Middle Ages crusading songs were written, but they sang of the overthrow rather than of the conversion of the heathen. Even Luther regarded the Grand Turk as Antichrist, to be exterminated if possible. For several centuries

Christendom stood still, content to hold her own against the Mahometan and heathen world, and no advances were made.

Then, once more, Christian men woke up to realise their responsibilities to the heathen.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Francis Xavier, the Spanish Jesuit, sailed for the Portuguese colonies in Ceylon; and then started on his mission to the natives of India, China, and Japan. Later, the Moravian missionaries went from Germany and Iceland to the West Indies and to the American plantations; and late in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries a few Englishmen went across the seas, not this time to find gold, or trade in negro slaves, or annex fresh territories, but with the hope of winning the world to Christ.

The thrilling stories of these pioneering heroes stirred men like Heber, and produced such hymns as "From Greenland's icy mountains."

In 1822 Heber was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn; three months of the year were passed in London, the other nine months he

continued in his parish at Hodnet. Whilst at Lincoln's Inn Heber heard of the death of the Bishop of Calcutta, and almost immediately the authorities asked him to go out there as his successor. A great and effectual door was thus opened to him.

He hesitated a while, and suggested that men already out in India would be more competent for this great post. Should he take out his wife and delicate baby? Ought he to leave his mother, now seventy years of age?

Prayer to God and consultation with the wise and good determined him to accept. He was consecrated bishop, and sailed for Calcutta with his wife and child in 1823.

After a long and tedious voyage they arrived safely, and found great accumulations of work awaiting them. Bishop's College, for training native Christian teachers, required to be developed and enlarged; scattered communities in the service of the East India Company demanded chaplains; embryo Christian Churches begged for missionaries; converts were waiting for baptism and confirmation; and immediately Bishop Heber was in demand on all hands. It

was necessary to visit every district where a few gathered together to worship Christ, and a coasting voyage along the Ganges and other Bengal rivers was undertaken.

Heber thus describes the climate at Calcutta: "It is impossible to sit still under the most favourable circumstances without streaming with perspiration. Our windows are all close shut up, and our rooms darkened to keep out the hot and molten atmosphere, which streams in wherever it can find an entrance, like the breath of a huge blast furnace." Verily the life of an active Indian missionary is no bed of roses!

Leaving his wife and two baby girls in Calcutta, he started with his chaplain and a few others on another long journey. They had not proceeded far when fever attacked the party, and the young chaplain died. Saddened by this loss, Bishop Heber continued to travel. After many months he arrived at Bombay, where his family joined him after an absence of eleven months, the whole of which he had spent in visitation, seldom sleeping out of his cabin or tent. "You will find me a good

deal aged," he wrote. "The march from Neemuch and the iron climate of Guzerate have done me more wrong than all my previous wanderings."

He visited Ceylon, Madras, and parts of Southern India. In April, 1826, he reached Trichinopoly, where he preached, and confirmed forty native Christians. His work was done. The three years in India, spent in unremitting labours, had worn him out. He died suddenly, only forty-two years of age, leaving his wife and two little daughters, and was buried in St. John's Church, Trichinopoly.

Let us never forget that the man who wrote our most popular missionary hymn was not one who sat at ease in Zion, describing in picturesque words the labours of other men. In the prime of life he left England for India, where he worked until death came, three years later. The great ambition of his life had been to win India to Christ. In this cause he died, and in his fine missionary hymns we have the best memorial of him—the very essence of his hopes and desires.

TUNES—*Mendelssohn ; Epiphany.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend thine aid :
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

From Greenland's icy mountains.
The Son of God goes forth to war.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

CHAPTER XXIII

REV. JOHN KEBLE

"GOD buries His workmen, but carries on His work," were the words of the dying Wesley, and the impetus given by the religious revival of the eighteenth century lasted well into the nineteenth.

John Howard and Elizabeth Fry had reformed the condition of the prisons. Clarkson and Wilberforce were overthrowing slavery and the slave trade; foreign missionary societies were created; Edward Irving, Chalmers, and Robert Hall were earnestly and successfully preaching the gospel—but this activity was chiefly outside the Church of England.

Within the Church, if we may judge from such writings as *The Vicar of Wakefield* and the writings of Miss Austen, the ordinary clergyman of the day was, at the best, but a

kindly respectable person, held in small esteem, and by no means alive to the worthiness of his vocation. He was frequently magistrate as well as parson; an excellent neighbour for the families of country gentlemen, with whom he shot, danced, and rode to hounds. Although stiff and pompous, his moral fibres were slack, and he was a hater of all enthusiasm, which he denounced as "dangerous," and akin to Methodism or Popery.

But within the Church itself God was about to raise up other workmen. John Wesley died in 1791; a year later Keble was born in the country vicarage of Fairford, Gloucestershire, where he and his brother were educated by their father, until they were ready for the university. When fifteen years old, John Keble won a scholarship at the Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and here he carried all before him. He took a double first, and won the prize for both the English and Latin Essays in the same year, and also got a Fellowship at Oriel College.

These early successes did not spoil the simplicity and modesty of his manners. Though

one of the most distinguished men in Oxford University, Keble continued quiet and unassuming, and did not aspire to be the leader of any party. One of his chief college friends was Arnold, afterwards the headmaster of Rugby, the pioneer of all that is best in English public school education, the hero of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

Keble became a tutor at his college, and amongst his pupils and friends were Hurrell Froude, Isaac Williams, Robert Wilberforce, and J. H. Newman.

When Keble became curate to his father, he continued to take pupils. Though a brilliant university scholar, he was also a plain, unambitious, country clergyman, on terms of great freedom with his pupils, as ready to play as to read, so that his gardener described him thus, "Master is the greatest boy of them all."

On the death of his mother Keble quitted Oxford, to live entirely with his father and throw himself into parish work. Idleness was impossible to him. His earnest preaching and visiting of the sick and poor did not employ

him wholly, and he began to write. His mind was steeped in classic literature, and he was in full sympathy with Wordsworth, who, in the midst of the lovely Lake scenery, was writing poems.

But Keble, though he wrote, did not intend to publish. He passed his poems round amongst his friends and pupils, and it was not till 1827 that he was persuaded to publish a volume, *The Christian Year; or, Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year*, which immediately commanded a great sale. Those who loved poetry, those who aimed at living a holy life, those who were firmly attached to the Church of England, all delighted in this book. It ran through twelve editions in seven years, and Keble was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The morning and evening hymns, "O timely happy, timely wise," and "Sun of my soul," which are from *The Christian Year*, are cherished and familiar words wherever the English tongue is spoken. Millions know these hymns who know nothing more of Keble's writings. *The Christian*

Year has now gone through one hundred editions, and is still a most popular devotional book.

Keble's holy life, full of earnest, serious purpose, lived alike in Oxford University and in quiet country parishes, produced a profound impression on the little band of younger men at Oxford, who were determined to devote their lives to the Church, and hated worldliness and slovenly services and easy-going parsons. They were impatient with those who had permitted the Church of England to become almost a dead letter in the land, and neither ritual nor posture, nor anything connected with the service of the Church, was unimportant in their eyes. They saw a vital connexion, less visible to other eyes, between the outward form and the inward and spiritual grace, and, above all, they loved reverence in all the service of God. "Habitual reverence is the high breeding of the spiritual life," and these Oxford men were inclined to think lightly of every form of religion which lacked this essential. The Holy Sacraments seemed to them the chief

channels of divine grace. They claimed affinity with the Church of the historic past, and alas! they repudiated all connexion with "the other sheep which are not of this fold," and forgot that "the love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind."

But Keble himself never went to the extremes of the Oxford Movement. He lived remote from party strife.

In 1835 he married Miss Charlotte Clarke, and removed to Hursley, near Winchester, where he continued to the end of his life. The vicarage at Hursley was a peaceful home, and proved itself a refuge to many perplexed souls.

Though Keble had no children of his own, he loved all children, and many of his poems were suggested by the sayings of the children in Hursley parish. They looked on the vicar as an excellent playmate, for he revelled in games; and they had no idea that many of his poems were associated with them.

But it was not only to children that Hursley Vicarage was attractive. It was the cherished home of Miss Keble, the invalid sister, whose

devout and cheerful spirits spread an atmosphere of peace around her; and it was a resting-place for visitors from other countries. Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, and Bishop Gray, when on visits to England, delighted in this quiet retreat.

Keble restored the church at Hursley, and made it brighter and more attractive, putting in stained windows and better seats, which he paid for from the money he received by the sale of *The Christian Year.*

The death of Miss Keble was a heavy loss. Her quiet presence was missed for many a day; and some of Keble's most comforting poems were inspired by his thoughts of her life, death, and future.

During the later years of his life both he and Mrs. Keble became invalids. They wintered successively at Penzance, Torquay, and Bournemouth.

In the spring of 1866, within six weeks of each other, they died at Bournemouth, and were interred at Hursley. Keble College was founded to perpetuate the loved memory of

one who embodied in himself all the best fruits of the Oxford he loved so well.

"O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"

TUNE—*Melcombe.*

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

TUNE—*Hursley.*

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

CHAPTER XXIV

DR. F. W. FABER

MORE hymns have been written during the last century than in any preceding age. Almost every branch of the Church has contributed a share, and amongst these productions of the nineteenth century those by Faber are becoming widely known, for the Roman Catholic and English Churches, Dissenters, Methodists, and Temperance advocates have adopted them in their latest and most modern collections of hymns.

Frederick William Faber was born in 1814, in a vicarage in the West Riding of Yorks, where his father was a clergyman. The family soon moved to Bishop Auckland, where they remained till Faber was grown up. Surrounded by the wild scenery of Durham and Westmorland, its heathery fells, running streams, and mossy crags, the boy grew up in full harmony

with nature. He loved this country, also the Lake district, which he got to know well, at his first school, Kirby Stephen ; and many years later, when his time was passed entirely in London, he wrote, " That region seems to me a home whence I have been exiled, but which only to think of is tranquillity and joy." And the first poems he wrote were suggested by the lovely scenery with which he was so familiar.

His later schooldays were spent at Harrow, where, although he did not distinguish himself in the cricket or football fields, he became an excellent swimmer and rider. From Harrow he went to Oxford to Balliol College, where his lively conversation and earnest, eager life made him popular.

Already, from his childhood, he cared intensely about the things of God, and on leaving Oxford he became a clergyman, preaching at Ambleside, where he also took pupils. Later he made a long tour with one pupil through Austria, down the Danube, to Constantinople, and the countries bordering the Mediterranean, and wrote long letters and poems describing the scenery and the churches they visited.

After a while Faber settled down as vicar of a country parish in the Midlands, where he worked hard, and undermined his health by fasting. His chief meal was often only a herring with potatoes, and during Lent he sometimes fainted from exhaustion while reading prayers. Sundays were the only days on which he took a good meal, and round his waist he wore a knotted horsehair cord. These things he did because he feared to be too comfortable, and to grow lazy and self-indulgent in his pretty little country vicarage.

Yet his mind was not entirely occupied with this self-discipline, or with the visiting and preaching amongst the sick and poor of the parish. It was a joy to him to write the hymns with which we are now so familiar. Faber's hymns come from a tender heart, full of reverent, trustful love. Our Lord Jesus Christ was to him the most intimate of Friends, and the main object of Faber's life and writing was to persuade others to draw near to this gracious Presence, and find out for themselves what He is to those who come to Him.

At this time also Faber began to write the

lives of the saints, which were published about 1844; he longed to equal them, not only in the holiness of their lives, but in the mortifications and austerities which they practised.

A mind such as Faber's, with so passionate an admiration for the ascetic life, whose ideal was monkhood, naturally gravitated towards the Church of Rome. In 1845 he ceased to be an English clergyman, and entered the Roman communion, to which he had for years been powerfully attracted. Christ's sheep are found in many folds, and no Church has a monopoly in saints.

Faber settled in Birmingham, and later on in London, very happy in his vocation, always rejoicing in the service of God, mortifying the flesh by discomfort and fasting, turning many to righteousness from an idle and self-indulgent life, and exhorting and comforting by his words, his long letters, his poems and hymns, a vast number of persons in perplexity and trouble. For, indeed, though to his own flesh his heart was as flint, to other men it was as flesh, and to God it was as a flame ascending continually.

Hard work and little food told on his constitution, and when only forty-eight years of age he became so ill that complete recovery was despaired of. On his forty-ninth birthday he said, "God has been so good, and arranged it all so well; I like to have it settled. This is my birthday, and the doctor says I am going fast. I wish to die, stripped of everything."

But he lingered on in great pain many weeks, and was still visited by those who needed his advice and help. At last the end came, happily enough, as Faber kept exclaiming, "God be praised!" and went out of this life rejoicing, to enter the next. For his whole life, from childhood to death, had been religious, and it was said truly of him, "He served Jesus out of love."

TUNE—*Stuttgart.*

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;

There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

TUNE—*Berthold Tours.*

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness
And gaily waits on Thee.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Jesu, gentlest Saviour.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.
I was wandering and weary, When my Saviour came to me.
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling.
My God, how wonderful Thou art!
My God, my God, and can it be.
O God, Thy power is wonderful.

CHAPTER XXV

CARDINAL NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was the leader of the Oxford Movement of the nineteenth century, as John Wesley was the leader of the Oxford Movement of the eighteenth century.

Both men were the sons of God-fearing, Evangelical parents. Both went to Oxford and became Fellows of colleges. Both were ordained clergymen of the Church of England, and both agreed that "real Christianity consists in a living personal fellowship with a living personal God." Yet how different were their aims and teaching!

Newman, though his work was ecclesiastical rather than purely religious, succeeded in vitalising the Church of England through the Catholic revival, and afterwards became a Prince of the Roman Church.

John Wesley's work was characterised by simplicity and godly sincerity, and, without designing it, he became the founder of the largest Protestant community in the English-speaking world.

Newman was born in London in 1801. His father was a banker. "I was brought up from a child," he writes, "to take great delight in reading the Bible. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of my catechism. . . . I used to wish the *Arabian Nights* were true; my imagination ran on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, . . . or I an angel! I was very superstitious, and for some months previous to my conversion (when I was fifteen) used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark."

When fifteen Newman gave himself to God, and never lost the happy sense of the divine presence and favour to the end of life.

At this early age he matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, and two years later gained a scholarship—sixty pounds a year for nine years. When only twenty years old he took pupils, and a year later was elected a Fellow of Oriel.

Newman's chief friends were Keble, the author of *The Christian Year*, Pusey, Hurrell Froude, Isaac Williams, and Gladstone. These young Oxford men were dissatisfied with the Church of England as it then was, for its lifeless services had no hold upon the people. As Professor Stokes describes it, "Many of us can still remember the square boxes, the three-decker pulpits, and the parson and clerk duet, which rendered public worship one of the dreariest exercises imaginable, without interest or life for either rich or poor."

Turning from the Church of their own day in stern disapproval, they appealed to antiquity. They studied the history of the third and fourth centuries, and never tired of admiring the self-conquest of the ascetics, the patience of the martyrs, and the sway of bishops who bowed to no secular power.

The aim of these Oxford men was to make the Church live again before the eyes and the minds of men, as in times past. They strove against religious indifference and worldliness; they loved a powerful episcopacy, the use of the surplice and other sacerdotal vestments, the

due celebration of all the Church festivals, the communion-table set altar-wise, the antiphonal chanting of choirs in versicle and response, and they insisted on the duty of frequent communion, and laid great stress on the efficacy of the Sacraments.

They were fascinated by the spell of the historic past, and determined to oppose all liberal tendencies of their own times, both in politics and religion.

Newman was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and Sunday by Sunday preached before the University. These afternoon sermons, so eloquent, so full of passionate enthusiasm, of love to God, and of reverence for the ancient Church, her saints and heroes, stirred all England.

Newman and his friends also wrote the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," which were circulated in every parish in England, and which produced a fierce controversy between those who desired to uphold the single authority of the Bible, and those who would appeal to the Fathers of the Church and to the traditions of the past for doctrine and discipline. Newman

and his friends prayed, fasted, preached, and lived at high pressure. In 1832, Froude being very ill and Newman requiring rest, they left England to travel in the south of Europe. Froude did not recover, and Newman went on to Sicily alone. Whilst there he caught malarial fever. Alone and ill in a strange land, he suffered terribly from depression and home-sickness; his one longing was to get away, but no boats were leaving. Week after week went by. At last Newman set sail in an orange-boat for Marseilles. Early on the voyage the wind dropped, a mist closed upon them, and they lay becalmed on a dangerous coast, unable to discern their position.

In this orange-boat Newman wrote his most beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," a favourite with every section of the Church. It was equally descriptive of his outward environment and of his inward life, and appeals to all, especially in times of perplexity and sorrow. On arriving home Newman quickly recovered his health, and was again in the pulpit at Oxford. His visit to Italy and Sicily had stimulated his admiration for the ritual and

teaching of the Church of Rome. This by degrees became evident in the sermons and tracts. He did not write many hymns. He translated a few from the Latin; he wrote *Callista*, a story of the third century, and *The Dream of Gerontius*, from which his other best hymn is taken. This hymn, "Praise to the Holiest in the height," so full of profound thought and theological teaching, is now included in most modern collections. It was a help and support to the late Mr. Gladstone on his death-bed.

In 1842 Newman resigned his appointments in Oxford and retired to Littlemore, where with others he lived a life of austerity and prayer. Three years later, to the grief of his friends—especially Keble and Gladstone—he entered the Roman Church, was ordained priest, and later was made cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

Such was Newman's influence that about three thousand persons followed his example in going to the Church of Rome.

In the Church of England the enthusiasm of that Oxford circle produced vast results,

arousing zeal and activity in the clergy, and imparting life to public worship in churches which had been previously marked by carelessness and neglect.

But though the teaching of Newman and of the Oxford Movement contained in it so much that was good, it hid the simplicity of the gospel by the undue emphasis laid upon the Sacraments and other outward observances. They distracted the gaze of poor, sinful souls from the full, perfect, sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; they, like Martha of old, cumbered themselves with much serving, and chid those who, like Mary, were content to hear the Master's voice and His only.

The Oxford lamp was antique, ornate, and fair to behold, but its many-coloured glass dimmed the Light of Life. The torch which is to be a light unto our path needs not to be obscured within stained church glass, however venerable. "This then is the message which we have heard of Him and declare unto you, that God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

TUNE—*Lux Benigna.*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

TUNES—*Gerontius; Ravenscroft.*

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful
Most sure in all His ways.

CHAPTER XXVI

MRS. ALEXANDER

THE author of so many popular modern hymns, Mrs. Alexander, was born in Ireland. Her father, Major Humphreys, served in the Royal Marines. Later in life Major Humphreys settled down with his family in the north of Ireland, as he owned land in Wicklow and Tyrone. Here his daughter, Cecil Frances, began, while yet a child, to write verses both comic and serious. History, legend, the romantic stories of folk-lore—all helped to furnish incident for a fertile imagination, and the Bible narratives proved a storehouse rich in suggestion for hymns and poems.

Surrounded from her earliest years by fine scenery, loving friends, and congenial society,

possessing imagination and a keen sympathy, it was her delight to write ballads and verses on many subjects.

Her holy mother, her good friends—amongst whom she counted Dean Hook, the famous Vicar of Leeds, and Mr. Keble, author of *The Christian Year*—all encouraged her to write. Thus influenced, she brought out a book, *Verses for Holy Seasons*, and afterwards *Hymns for Little Children*. But other tasks than those of the pen awaited her. In 1850 she married William Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and now Archbishop of Armagh. At the time of their marriage he was rector of a wide country parish in County Tyrone, where the population was scattered over miles of mountains and bogs. Here Mrs. Alexander arrived as a bride, and here, during five years, she got through a vast amount of work.

In those days district nurses were unknown, parish doctors were scarce, yet poverty and sickness had to be met. Day after day, in that remote parish, Mrs. Alexander might be seen crossing the wet moorland in all weathers,

carrying nourishing food, or warm clothing, or medical comforts, to the poor and helpless.

One day she found a poor paralysed woman shivering with cold, for the bedclothes were scanty; and, unwilling to leave her thus, Mrs. Alexander took off her outer wrap, and folded it round the limbs of the poor sufferer.

In another cottage she found a woman in great pain from a bad wound, untended, and altogether without medical aid. For six weeks every day Mrs. Alexander came to this woman, and herself washed and dressed the wound, until healing set in and she recovered her health.

No severe weather, or long distance, or the demands of society were allowed to interfere vith these duties to the helpless and suffering.

In this parish her eldest child was born, and here, in happy hours of leisure, she wrote some of her finest poems.

Five years later the family removed to another parish, on the shores of Lough Swilly, where the lovely scenery acted as a stimulant to her poetic mind. She was never tired of watching the lovely surface of the lake, and

the floating clouds above it; yet she was intensely practical, and applied herself to the details of garden and farm management. Her husband writes: "How often have I said, on returning late of an afternoon, something of this sort: 'Have you sold the cow? Have you shown the gardener how to prune the roses? Have you given orders to feed the pigs properly? Have you finished that poem? Yes? Then let us come into the study, and I will criticise it ferociously!'"

In this parish five happy years passed. She was not without family anxieties. The health of her two boys was so uncertain, that one time she had to leave her home and all its duties, and take them to the south of France.

In 1867 her husband was appointed bishop, and now her circle widened, and her duties included the entertainment of many distinguished men who visited Ireland to get information about the country and its needs, political and religious.

Mrs. Alexander took delight in the company of such men as Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Lecky, Bishop Wilberforce, and

Bishop Wordsworth. But congenial society did not hinder her from the service of the poor. As in the country parishes, so in Londonderry, her figure was a familiar sight, as she visited the homes in the back streets, or the Institute of District Nurses, and daily she attended the morning service at the cathedral, nor was absent from the weekly Communion. And she had that rare charm of humility. Literary people are seldom humble; they have an exaggerated idea of the value of their own writings, and they are hungry of approbation and sensitive to censure. But Mrs. Alexander was singularly humble. When she heard that her hymns or poems had comforted sad souls, or quickened into life those hitherto dead in worldliness, then indeed she was thankful, but to applause as such she was practically deaf.

As life went on, and she came into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, her sympathies widened, and she was drawn to all who loved righteousness, whether within or without the pale of the Church. For she was getting ready to join the great multitude

which no man can number, clothed in white raiment. After forty-five years of loving work in the north of Ireland, she went to her rest.

At her funeral crowds of people, English, Irish, Catholics, and Protestants, mingled their tears; for all loved her, and felt that a saint had gone from their midst.

The best known of her hymns is probably "There is a green hill far away."

During the Franco-German War of 1870, Gounod, with his family, left Paris and sought refuge in England. For some months he resided at Blackheath, and sent his little daughter Jeanne to attend a school there. The child knew no English, but soon picked up easy little words, and one of the elder girls taught her to repeat the hymn "There is a green hill." When it was learned, Jeanne went proudly and said it to her father. Gounod was delighted with the hymn from the lips of his little daughter, set it to music, and it has been sung throughout the kingdom to audiences of all classes. More than one, to whom religion had been a thing of naught,

heard that song, and went away a new creature, to live a life of faith in the power of the Son of God.

Some of the most popular of Mrs. Alexander's hymns are given here.

TUNES—*Horsley; Gounod.*

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

TUNE—*Irby.*

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.
We are but little children weak.

NOTE TO PAGE 282.

The Rev. Henry Martin Hart, incumbent at St. Germain's Church, Blackheath, in 1870, now Dean of Denver, Colorado, called on M. Gounod and suggested that he should write music for the hymn, "There is a green hill far away," which Jeanne Gounod had just learned.

CHAPTER XXVII

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in 1809, the same year which produced Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln. The Holmes family had come out to America from London in 1686, and settled in Woodstock, Connecticut, where John Holmes, the founder of the American branch of the family, erected mills. The Holmes family had its representatives in the public service—there were naval officers of some distinction, besides traders and lawyers, and the father of our poet was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, a Calvinistic Puritan minster, who, in spite of his creed, was known as "that most delightful of sunny old men."

His wife, Sarah Wendell, was descended from an old Dutch family, which had been

Unitarian for some years. She was social, cheerful, vivacious, and sympathetic, and very popular in the family into which she married. So, as Dr. Holmes himself tells us, he had "a right to be grateful for a probable inheritance of good instincts, a good name, and a bringing up in a library, where he bumped about among books from the time when he was hardly taller than one of his grandfather's folios. For such a lineage as his was the best that could be had in New England"; and to this he attached a due importance, "for," said he, "the nest is made long beforehand for the bird, which is to be bred in it, and to fly from it. The atmosphere into which a scholar is born, and from which he draws the breath of his early mental life, must be studied if we would hope to understand it thoroughly." The old gambrel-roofed house had in itself a history, and was a relic of bygone times. Here heroes slept the night before the battle of Bunker's Hill, and here the stately figure of Washington often cast its shadow.

Dr. Holmes tells us that only two people

are fit to tell a man's life—one is the person himself, the other is the recording angel. "As the recording angel never lets his book go out of his own hands," we shall let Dr. Holmes tell his own story as far as possible. He says: "Two spectres haunted my earliest years—the dread of midnight visitors, and the visits of the doctor.

"I hardly know when I was not subject to fears when I was left alone in the dark. I could not say that I believed in ghosts; but the strange sounds at night, the creaking of the boards, the howling of winds, voices heard from a distance and unaccounted for—all such things kept me awake, and full of strange apprehensions. These fears lasted till the approach of adolescence. I became greatly ashamed of them; and to this day I sometimes fear a solitary house, which I would not sleep alone in for the fee simple of the whole farm. I cannot describe the amount of worry I have had from this source. Perhaps the stories I heard from the country people kept this feeling alive. . . . The other source of distress was, as I

have said, the visits of the physician. The dispenser of drugs who embittered my boyhood was an old man associated principally in my mind with rhubarb and ipecacuanha. The dread of the last of these two drugs was one of my chronic miseries. These things may seem trivial to many persons, but they were serious drawbacks to the pleasures of existence; and, added to the torture of tooth-drawing, made a considerable sum of wretchedness."

His schooldays were uneventful, and a considerable part of Sundays was devoted to the Westminster Catechism. "Some of my pleasantest Sundays were those when I went with my father, who was exchanging pulpits with the neighbouring clergyman. We jogged off together in an old-fashioned two-wheeled chaise to visit such pleasant old men as Dr. Osgold and Dr. Foster, who had a cheerful look and smile in spite of its being the Sabbath day; and there were others of sad and despondent mien, whose presence lent additional gloom to the solemnity of the holy day. One class preached as dying men to

dying men; the other, of whom Henry Ward Beecher was a type, as living men to living men.

"My father felt that he did his duty in expecting my mother to hear me recite the Shorter Catechism. My mother, like a faithful wife as she was, sobered her pleasant countenance and sat down to hear us recite of justification, adoption, and sanctification. . . . I read few books through, but I read the pages or paragraphs that I wanted. Biographies of pious children were not to my taste. These young persons were generally sickly, melancholy, and buzzed round by ghostly comforters in a way that made me sick to contemplate. I had a great preference for wholesome, rosy-cheeked children. . . . The poetry presented to my youthful appetite was not favourable to the growth of wholesome taste; but I had Gray's 'Elegy' and 'The spacious firmament on high.' . . . But my favourite reading was Pope's Homer, whose couplets still thrill me with their splendid resonance. My birth-chamber and the places most familiar to my early years looked out to

the west; my sunsets were as beautiful as any poet could ask for. The hills were covered with trees, amongst which was the 'Washington Elm.'"

In the year 1825 Holmes entered Harvard College, and after graduating, he was still undecided as to what profession to adopt. He entered a law school, and stayed there for a year. But he soon found out this was not the right road for him. He had already tried his hand at writing poetry, but did not suppose that literature would ever be his chief pursuit; so from law he turned to medicine, about which he writes, "There is something very solemn and depressing about the first entrance on the study of medicine. The white faces of the sick that fill the long row of beds in the hospital wards saddened me, and produced a feeling of awe-stricken sympathy. The dreadful scenes in the operating-theatre—for this was before the days of ether—were a great shock to me, though I did not faint, as students occasionally do. . . . It took but a short time to wear off this earliest impression. I had to

make my way in the world, and soon found an interest in matters which at the outset seemed uninviting and repulsive; and soon I began to enjoy my new acquisition of knowledge."

No practitioner in those days who could afford to go to Europe neglected to do so, and the Holmes household, by dint of some contrivance, furnished Oliver Wendell with the means to spend two years in Europe. He went first to the great surgical schools in Paris, where he studied, and whence he writes: "Of Lisfranc I can say little, except that he was a great drawer of blood, and hewer of members. He ordered a wholesale bleeding of his patient, whatever might be the matter with them, when a phlebotomising fit was on him. I recollect his regretting the splendid guardsmen of the old empire. For what?—because they had such magnificent thighs to amputate! After this I ceased to be a follower of Lisfranc. Then there was the short, square, substantial Baron Larrey, Napoleon's favourite surgeon. To go round the hospitals with Larrey was to go over

the campaigns of Napoleon—to look on Austerlitz, to hear the cannons of Marengo, to struggle through the icy waters of the Beresina, to shiver in the snows of the Russian retreat, and to gaze through the battle-smoke of Waterloo."

But the famous Louis was the surgeon from whom Holmes learnt most. He was of serene and grave aspect, but with a pleasant smile and kindly voice. "He was the object of our reverence, modest in the presence of nature, fearless in the face of authority, unwearying in the pursuit of truth. Any student was happy and proud to claim him as teacher and friend." Before returning home Dr. Holmes was able to spend a few weeks in Venice, Milan, Bologna, and Rome, whence he wrote: "With regard to the magnificence of the ancient Romans, I can hardly yet believe my own eyes. The immense numbers of pillars of marble, granite, and porphyry; the gorgeous vases and gigantic baths, sculptured often from a single mass of jasper, granite, or porphyry; the statues and busts, the ruins of the Colosseum, the Baths of

Caracalla, the triumphal pillars and arches, astonish altogether any one who has formed his ideas of antiquity from a few old coins and a collection of broken earthenware."

In 1836 Dr. Holmes settled in Boston, and by degrees he built up a fair practice; but he found it uphill work, for his known interest in literature and contributions to magazines told against him. People thought that poetry and wit were not consistent with the gravity and wisdom of a physician. When lecturing to students Dr. Holmes warned them from the fruits of his own experience: "Medicine is the most difficult of sciences, and the most laborious of arts. It will tax all your powers of body and mind if you are faithful to it. Do not dabble in the muddy sewer of politics, nor linger by the enchanted streams of literature, nor dig in far-off fields of alien sciences. The great practitioners are generally those who concentrate all their powers on their business."

In 1838 Dr. Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and in 1847 he became Professor of Anatomy and

Physiology to the medical school in Harvard College. This post he held for thirty-five years. His chief contributions to medical literature were essays on intermittent and contagious fevers.

But though in Boston and at Harvard Dr. Holmes will be remembered by his medical work, his world-wide fame is as the author of the Breakfast-table Essays. His novels, *Elsie Venner*, *The Guardian Angel*, and *A Mortal Antipathy*, are original and suggestive. The problems of heredity and ante-natal influences were of surpassing interest to him. It may be admitted that though Dr. Holmes did not become famous as a physician or surgeon, the fine literary work which he accomplished shows everywhere the observant eye of the physician ; and had he not been trained for a medical career, much that is most beautiful in *The Autocrat*, *The Professor*, and *The Poet* would never have been written. Literature attracted him even more than science, physical or mental, and the crown he would have coveted was the poet's laurel.

" If I should confess the truth, there is no

mere earthly immortality that I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains. I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms; but a song of Burns', or a hymn of Charles Wesley's, go straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint."

In writing of hymns he said, "It would be one of the most agreeable reflections to me if I could feel that I had left a few worthy to be remembered after me."

Of good manners he often wrote and spoke, and, like Lord Avebury, he was of the opinion that "the graces help a man in life almost as much as the muses," and agreed with Emerson that "a saintly soul is always elegant." Manners are but minor morals, yet we are bidden not to forget the mint, anise, and cumin amid weightier matters. Courage and courtesy, self-respect and deference to others—these are of the essence of good manners. Hurry and worry, excuses and

apologies, roughness and clamour—how wearisome they make life! "He who set us the great example went through His earthly life with majestic tranquillity, and yet left nothing unfinished that He intended to do. We feel that to think of Him as distracted by hurry and worry were an impiety. . . . Good manners are only flowers, but how dreary a world were ours without them! No roses for the brightest days, or lilies for the darkest. No honeysuckle waving overhead, or sweet violets nestling at our feet; no buttercups and daisies for the children."[1]

Lectures, clinical or general, were more to the taste of Dr. Holmes than the work of a general practitioner; and during the thirty-five years that he taught medical students at Harvard, he prepared and gave over one hundred lectures a year. "As a lecturer he was accurate, punctual, precise, patient over detail; and though not an original anatomist in the sense of a discoverer, yet a most exact descriptive lecturer. Iteration and reiteration was his favourite motto in teaching. . . . And

[1] H. E. Pipe.

how he loved anatomy, as a mother her child! He was never tired, always fresh, always eager in learning and teaching."

The Atlantic Monthly was started in 1857, a year of depressed trade and dark outlook; but this periodical flourished in spite of bad times, and Oliver Wendell Holmes was a contributor from the first. Indeed, it was he who named the magazine, and his papers, the Breakfast-table Series, made its reputation.

Perhaps Dr. Holmes was the finest combination of a physician and a man of letters the world has seen since the time of quaint old Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich, whose *Religio Medici* in the seventeenth century proclaims him to be a sort of spiritual progenitor of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and the likeness goes beyond the fondness for literature and medicine so characteristic of both men. Theological questions were of surpassing interest to both; and it may be said of both that the thought was strikingly original, often expressed with humour and pathos, while the writing was unsystematic, strange, and discursive, yet acute and learned. The supreme attraction to both

minds were the mysteries bounding human life, death, and the future state ; and the writings of both were condemned by the orthodox and found a niche in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the day.

Dr. Holmes never forgot the Calvinistic doctrine in which he was bred. He attacked it in all his writings ; whilst at the same time he admired the indomitable old fighters whose blood was in his veins. "Whatever faults we may find," he wrote, "with many of their beliefs, we have a right to be proud of our Puritan Fathers among the clergy. They were ready to do and to suffer anything for their faith ; and a faith which breeds heroes is better than an unbelief which leaves nothing worth being a hero for." Throughout his life he was a regular church-goer, and wrote, "I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes. . . . My natural Sunday home is King's Chapel, where a good and amiable and acceptable preacher tries to make us better with a purity and sincerity which we admire and love. In that church I have worshipped for

half a century. There I listened to Dr. Greenwood, to Ephraim Peabody, to James Walker, and to other holy and wise men. There on the 15th of June, 1840, I was married ; there my children were all christened ; from that church the dear companion of so many blessed years was buried. In her seat I must sit, and through its door I hope to be carried to my resting-place."

Dr. Holmes cared for other things besides literature and the medical profession. Though he never accepted municipal or political office, he was a keen patriot, and his eldest son served in the war, in which he was thrice wounded.

By some Dr. Holmes has been styled provincial. Certainly he loved Boston, which is the favourite scene in his stories, where his hero exclaims, "A new race, and a whole new world for the newborn human soul to work in, and Boston is the brain of it, and has been any time these hundred years. . . . I wouldn't take all the glory of all the greatest cities in the world for my birthright in the soil of little Boston." And

all his writings were those of a New Englander, and were addressed primarily to New Englanders.

"The flavour was as local, as pungent, as unmistakable, as that of a cranberry, from the best bog on Cape Cod." But it would be more correct to style him "racial" than "provincial." He wrote one day to Motley, "I have lived so long stationary that I have become intensely local. I should like to breathe the air of the great outer world, but I am sure to suffer from asthmatic trouble if I trust myself in strange places. I consider myself as a kind of prisoner for life, and am very thankful that my condemned cell is so much to my liking." And again, later, he wrote to Motley, "Oh, this shallow soil of memory on which *we* live! We scratch it and we find—what? The Indian's shell-heaps, and stone arrowheads, overlaid by a couple of centuries of half-starved civilisation. Don't be disgusted and outraged—I am patriotic and provincial to my fingers' ends; but I do sometimes feel that, æsthetically speaking, America is after all a penal colony. It would be worth a year of my

life (if I had a good many to spare one from) to walk once more under the high groined arches of Westminster Abbey. I never expect to see England or Europe again, but it is something to say I have lived and looked upon Alps, cathedrals, and the greatest works of the greatest artists."

Twice only did Dr. Holmes visit Europe—two years as a medical student in his youth, and again in 1886 in his old age, when he was received as an honoured guest throughout English society.

In October, 1894, the end came gently, at the ripe age of eighty-five; and the following week *Punch* wrote:

Was there one who ever took
From its shelf by chance a book
Penned by you,
But was fast your friend for life,
With one refuge from its strife
Safe and true?

.

From that Boston breakfast-table
Wit and wisdom, fun and fable,
Radiated
Through all English-speaking places;
When were Science and the Graces
So well mated?

The hymns selected below were originally embedded in the prose writings of the Breakfast-Table Series, where also the "Chambered Nautilus" and other poems are to be found.

TUNE—*Keble.*

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near."

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

TUNE—*St. Bernard.*

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

CHAPTER XXVIII

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the American poet, was born in the old family farmstead in Essex County, Mass., in 1807. Essex County is rugged and hilly, but not particularly fertile. Here many of the first settlers from England and Holland fenced in their land and built their houses, and here Thomas Whittier built the house in which, generations later, the poet was born. The family were Quakers on both sides, and when they first settled in the country, and the attacks of the native Indians were frequent, Thomas Whittier declined to make use of the garrison house in the village, preferring to rely on kindness to the Indians and faith in God.

In this house for nearly two hundred years

the Whittier family lived—hard-working, God fearing folk. Being Quakers, everything was severely plain in the arrangements of the house. Carpets were unknown, the floors were kept clean, and strewn with white sand. The great kitchen, with its hearth-place, was the family centre; and here on winter evenings the young people of the district gathered, to crack nuts, drink cider, knit stockings, carve and whittle wood, and tell stories.

These large farm kitchens in New England were a fair copy of those in the old households in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, with which the Pilgrim Fathers were familiar. The fireplace with its settles occupied one wall, whilst from the beams across the ceiling hung guns, fishing-rods, bunches of herbs, flitches of bacon, and strings of apples, onions, and pumpkins; the pewter plates shone from the old black oak dresser, and bull's-eye lanterns and bright warming-pans adorned the walls.

Here Whittier grew up to manhood, in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and hard work. The farm yielded nearly all the food

and clothing used by the family. The spinning-wheel and the weaver's shuttle were familiar furniture, and here the mother made homespun suits and linen sheets; but as there was no money to spare for flannel and furs, the children often suffered from cold, especially in the long drives to the meeting-house at Amesbury, eight miles away.

On First Day morning the old one-horse chaise was got out, and the father, mother, and one of the children drove off to meeting, there to sit silent and worship God. Young Whittier often preferred to worship in the fields or in the empty house-place. In the afternoon the mother gathered the children round her, and read the Bible stories to them. She was fond of reading the best books, and her son, the poet, inherited from her many of his mental traits. She was serene, dignified, practical, and always ready to relieve those in trouble. Her sister, "Aunt Mercy," in her Quaker cap, was first favourite with all the young people. The young man to whom she had been betrothed died somewhat mysteriously in a distant city; and on the night

of his death, as Mercy was looking out of the old farm window on the roadway in the moonlight, she recognised her lover riding towards the house, and ran downstairs to unfasten the door to admit him; but no horse or rider was to be seen, and later on she got a letter telling of his death at that hour. After that Aunt Mercy lived to make other people's lives happy. By nature she was of a very sweet and merry disposition, and delighted in giving pleasure, and her pumpkin pies and hot cakes were famous throughout the neighbourhood.

Another favourite was "Uncle Moses"—"innocent of books, but rich in field lore." His death was a tragedy in the family. One day he went out to fell trees, accompanied only by his dog. Two trees fell simultaneously in unexpected directions, and he was pinned to the ground beneath them. The dog came barking back to the farm, and helpers went and extricated the prostrate form of Uncle Moses; but he died a few days later, and was interred near the old farm-house, in the family burial-ground.

The dearest friend of Whittier's boyhood was his sister Elizabeth, with whom he shared poetic tastes and intellectual ambition. She was delicate in health, unable to help much in the farm activities, and for several years before the end her sufferings became severe. But to her brother, John Greenleaf, she was always a harbour of refuge.

The Whittier children attended the local school, and there, scribbled on a slate, were some of Whittier's earliest poems. Books were rare, and for years he never met with any poetry that appealed to him. One night a preacher amongst the Quakers stayed at the farm-house and read aloud some of Burns's poems. They fired the soul of the listening boy, who gladly accepted the loan of the volume, of which he devoured every page, until he knew the ring of true poetry.

One day his sister Mary, unknown to him, sent one of his poems to the newspaper, *The Free Press*, edited by Edward Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist. The verses were accepted and published, and Garrison rode over to see what manner of man was the poet.

Garrison wrote, "I found him a bashful boy covered with blushes, from whom scarcely a word could be extracted."

Garrison waited to see his father, and pressed him to give this son a good education, and fit him to be a writer. "Sir," replied the father, "poetry will not give him bread"; and he deprecated that such unpractical notions should be put into the boy's head.

But ambition, once aroused, is not so easily quenched. Whittier learned shoemaking in his spare hours on the farm, and earned money by making ladies' slippers. With this he went for a term to Haverhill Academy, and henceforth he never lost any opportunity for mental improvement. Sometimes he taught in a country school, sometimes he was back at the farm and the shoemaking. Presently he became the editor of several weekly periodicals, for which he also wrote poems.

After five years' acquaintance with Garrison he threw in his lot with the Abolitionist party. The burning question of the day was whether slavery was justifiable. The Quakers, since the days of old John Woolman, had been

unanimous in condemning it, and no member of the Society of Friends could hold slaves. The Whittier family, therefore, were all in sympathy with the Abolition movement, and when the poet joined the party, he did it deliberately, knowing that he said good-bye to all hope of political preferment, and could not count on much money from his pen. "Abolition was a religion to those who believed in it, a consecration and a sacrament. They called each other brother and sister, and sang their Abolition hymns with all the fervour of Methodist Revivalists." Harriet Martineau tells us, "Ordinary social life was spoiled for them, but another which is far better grew up amongst them. . . . A just survey of the whole world can leave little doubt that the Abolitionists of the United States are the greatest people now living and moving in it."

Whittier's finest ballads are those in which he rebuked those clergy who made an apology for slavery. His fiery denunciations and pathetic appeals were declaimed at Abolition meetings and published widely in the newspapers, and,

during the Civil War, Union soldiers learned many of them by heart and recited them by the camp-fires. Of these the best are "The Virginia Slave Mother's Lament," "The Branded Hand," "The Hunters of Men," and "The Slave Ships." Of the first of these John Bright wrote, "'The Virginia Slave Mother's Lament' has often brought tears to my eyes. It is short, but it is worth a volume on the great question. It is enough to rouse the whole nation to expel from among you the odious crime of slavery."

Harriet Beecher Stowe, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, gives us a fair idea of how the Quakers aided and abetted the escape of slaves from the Southern States; and what a fine element in the nation were these same Quaker non-combatants! True to their principles, they would neither fight nor incite to resistance. They could not act like the heroic John Brown at Harper's Ferry; and now that the war and all that it stands for is over, still—

Old John Brown's body is a-mouldering in the dust,
Old John Brown's rifle's red with blood-spots turned to rust,
Old John Brown's pike has made its last, unflinching thrust,
But his soul is marching on.

Yet there is still work for the Society of Friends and for such men as Whittier in America. Contemptuous hatred for the negro race is even now as strong in some sections of society as it was thirty years ago. There are plenty of educated coloured people —artists, writers, journalists, and statesmen —both of North and South. But the least strain of darker blood stamps them as hopeless inferiors, and President Roosevelt roused this colour susceptibility by receiving a black gentleman as his guest.

Negroes guilty or even suspected of crime in the Southern States, instead of being tried at the ordinary courts of justice, are liable to be lynched by the white population, and year by year there are still on record cases of negro-burning. Whittier's poems still have their work to do.

Although so keen for social betterment and reform, his best and most original writing was in the realm spiritual. Like the artist G. F. Watts, his motto might well have been, "The utmost for the highest." As the best and sweetest notes of the skylark are those

which are poured forth into the azure sky, so Whittier's most exquisite writing flowed forth only in the clear atmosphere of divine things. His hymns occur in longer poems, of which perhaps the best known are "Our Master," "My Psalm," "At Sundown," "The Chapel of Hermits," "The Brewing of Soma." The ballad "Snowbound," published in 1866, was the poem which made Whittier's reputation in America. It is a description of the winter scenery and home life in the New England rural districts. *The Atlantic Monthly*, which was started in 1857, accepted Whittier's poems from the beginning, and as long as he lived his name was connected with this periodical.

After the death of his father, Whittier, with his mother and sister, left the old farm and settled in Amesbury. When his pen had earned a comfortable competence he still continued the simple living of the Quakers, not from necessity but from choice. Amongst his visitors at Amesbury, and later in Boston, were Longfellow, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Sir Edwin Arnold, the last of whom

writes as follows: "He had been speaking of the old accustomed Puritan doctrines, and their influence on the minds of New Englanders, and how life and literature had been darkened under the cloud of Calvinism and its terrors. 'But you,' I said, 'sir, could never have been a Calvinistic Puritan.' 'Nay, thee are right,' he answered; 'the world was much too beautiful and God far too good. I never was of that mind.'"

After the death of mother and sister, his niece kept house for Whittier until the end came. Although he lived to a great age, he was never strong, and was never free from headache; he could neither read nor write, nor endure any mental fatigue, for more than half an hour at a time. He never married.

Whether his verses to Isabel were part of his own experience is possible, but not certain:

I might have loved thee, Isabel; I know I should if aught
Of all thy words and ways had told of one unselfish thought;
If through the cloud of fashion, the pictured veil of art,
One casual flash had broken warm and earnest from the heart.

I do not love thee, Isabel; I would as soon put on
A crown of slender frost-work beneath the heated sun,
Or chase the winds of summer, or trust the sleeping sea,
Or lean upon a shadow, as think of trusting thee.

Whittier delighted in gardening, and even when an old man was out before breakfast each day with rake, hoe, and broom. The garden abounded with fruit and flowers, and the singing birds and squirrels were so tame that they came to the window to be fed.

To be a celebrity has its disadvantages, and Whittier was much harassed by visitors who insisted on seeing him. The daily post also brought him hundreds of entreaties to subscribe to charities and public causes, or to read and criticise verses from beginners. His reply to the Egypt Exploration Society ran thus: "I would like to have a hand in this excavation. I hesitate a little about disturbing the repose of some ancient mummy, who, perchance, hob-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass, or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat, or doffed his own to let Queen Dido pass. But curiosity gets the better of sentiment, and I enclose an order for one of the best shovels."

To the end of his life Whittier remained a Quaker, but his friends were those of every communion and of none. He belonged to the Saturday Club in Boston, and month by month Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Hawthorne, Howells, Henry James, Sumner, and many others met for delightful converse.

To Whittier death was as calm and serene as life had been. During his last illness, which was more wearisome than acute, he was nursed by his niece and by other devoted friends, and he passed away peacefully, expressing love and charity to all men. He desired that his funeral should be conducted in "the plain and quiet way of the Society of Friends," and in their burial-ground he was interred beside his kindred.

"Plain marble tablets, all exactly alike, mark these graves, and the poet's tombstone is of the same simple pattern. The burial-ground is near Amesbury, and the broad waters of the Merrimac, here a tidal stream, are close at hand, with the hills of Old Newbury beyond. It is a spot midway between his

birthplace and the place where he died—a fit resting-place for him whose verse has celebrated every phase of the scenery it overlooks. Hither for all time will come those who love the memory and admire the genius of the poet of New England life."

TUNE—*St. Flavin.*

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years,—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He:
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

TUNE—*Rest.*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind:
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb—its heat expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm!

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